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LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page. The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Among the hundreds of letters we receive some contain brilliant little flashes of humor, drama or inspiration. A payment of 5/- will be made for each of these printed.

Stoker F. E. Marsh, R.A.N., to his mother, Mrs. W. E. Marsh, Private Bag, Kyogle, N.S.W.:

"WE are sailing into the tropical sun.

"It is a very hot day and night, especially in the boiler-room and engine-room.

"Our boiler-room is comparatively cool. It wouldn't get much over 130 degrees.

"The stokers and cooks get 1/6 a day extra pay in the tropics.

"We see a lot of strange birds—albatrosses and seagulls are the only ones I know as yet.

"To-day we saw a lot of big white butterflies. Wonderful how they can get away out here so many miles from land.

"The color of the sea is deep blue, just like the tubs of blue you make, but nearer the coast it fades to a lighter color."

Major R. J. Miller to his wife in Yuill St., Glenelg, S.A.:

"I AM on duty all night to-night. I am in the operation-room, surrounded by telephones to important points, and from time to time will get messages about ships and plane movements and so on.

"I could tell you of some stirring things which have happened here—of the gallantry of air-force crews, of soldiers who have volunteered for lonely and dangerous jobs departing with only pistols and tommy-guns—just a couple of them—of men who have come in dirty and unshaven and carrying everything they possess in a small bag, of civilian wireless operators in lonely outposts who make it their business to get messages through.

"Some day their story will be told. They are the salt of the earth.

"Yesterday I passed through a native village and all the natives, even little boys and girls, were digging slit trenches.

"They have put all natives under military control now, and all business has stopped. In fact, everything is under military control."

A private in England to Miss F. Francis, 160 Cavendish Rd., Coorparoo, Qld.:

"A FEW days ago I talked to one of the bravest souls alive.

"A friend and I were strolling through a small town when we stopped to help a frail old woman who was carrying a bundle of old clothes to a more needy neighbor.

"We began talking, and we learnt that her three sons had enlisted at the outbreak of war, two had been killed in Syria, and that morning news had come through that the youngest son was a prisoner of war.

"Though tears were glinting in her steely-grey eyes, the old lady said, 'But I still keeps me chin up! We'll beat them murderin' Huns yet!'

"She seemed to take a fancy to 'Blue' and myself, and invited us to tea the following day.

"We arrived at her little cottage early in the afternoon, as excited as two schoolboys.

"Imagine our horror and shock when a neighbor informed us that 'our little old lady' had given her life early that morning while trying to carry her aged sister to shelter.

"The strain had proved too great for her feeble body, and she had collapsed soon after.

"'Blue' and I attended her funeral, and we both felt that it was an honor to have known her."

Winnie the War Winner

"Well, General, I heard the boys saying they wanted a wet canteen."

Sgt. Bert Peters, R.A.A.F., in England to his mother, Mrs. L. Peters, Smith St., Fitzroy, Vic.:

"WE did our seventh trip a few days ago—to Dusseldorf, and what a trip it was.

"We went over there quite uneventfully, bombed the target and were on our way home again when we saw an enemy aircraft circling round with its lights on.

"There was an aerodrome right below, so we assumed that he was preparing to land, so down we went to have a go at him.

"We glided down on his tail just as he was about to settle down on the runway.

"Tom was in the front turret and opened fire. Instead of making a nice landing the Hun crashed into the side of the runway.

"Then as we roared over him at only thirty feet our rear gunner opened up and riddled him as we went off.

"Shortly after that we saw a goods train, so came down over the top of that and machine-gunned it to a standstill. We flew right back then at no higher than 500 feet.

"The only time we got fired on was crossing the enemy coast, and then we were so low they could not get a decent aim at us.

"When we got back the wing-commander was very pleased and wrote out a cheque for £5. He had promised this to the first crew to bag a Hun."

Sig. E. Christenson, then in Malaya, to Miss C. Beazley, Margaret St., Wyong, N.S.W.:

"BAD news to-day. Some of my cobbers have been knocked. Pretty tough over here at present.

"Our chaps are fighting like madmen against great odds. If we could only get some more planes quickly the Japs would be driven back to where they came from. Their infantry is no match for our boys.

"Some of them do some wonderful things.

"One chap went out through our lines, under heavy fire and sniping, to rescue a wounded chap, bandaged his wounds, and carried him to a safe place.

"Went straight back and got another chap, stopped to bump a sniper off. He carried these chaps by relays to the dressing stations where he collapsed himself, and is now in hospital with a strained back.

"These things happen every day."

"... then in Malaya"

Pte. George Harding to a friend in Corrimal, N.S.W.

"My outstanding memory is of men marching into a machine-gun nest singing 'Waltzing Matilda.'

"Put it on the screen and it would be incredible. But it happened."

Driver V. M. Kelly to Miss J. Deaves, Wyee, N.S.W.

"We helped the wounded along, and in many cases carried them on stretchers made from our puttees and two long sticks."

Aircraftman W. K. Edmonds to Miss D. Blackham, 8 Rosetta Street, West Croydon, S.A.

"The Indians are funny when working the ack-ack guns.

"Each time they throw a shell into the breach they yell out 'Jap!' until all we can hear is 'Jap,' Bang! 'Jap,' Bang!

"They are great fighters, the same Indians."

Pte. D. J. Dawson, five days before the fall of Singapore, to his wife in Midland Junction, W.A.

"It rained so heavily the water simply flowed down the side of the hill in one great sheet, and the rain was jet black, as there was a fuel oil dump on fire quite close.

"As the rain came through the smoke it turned the water black."

Pte. H. Griffis to Miss Alice Paff, Firefly, via Krambach, N.S.W.

"We had the Japs on the run on a few occasions, but they used tear gas to halt us."

A private to his parents in Swan Hill, Vic.

"We were cut off in the jungle for six days and nights. We used to get a little rice from the Chinese, and one of the chaps had a little money, so we bought two fowls. We ate them raw. They tasted lovely."

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For Skin and Foot Troubles

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

MAJ.-GEN. J. D. RICHARDSON

. . . V.D.C. commander

"THE Volunteer Defence Corps has a supremely important role to play in the defence of Australia," declares the newly-appointed corps commander of the V.D.C. in N.S.W., Major-General Richardson. "They are Australia's equivalent to Britain's Home Guard."

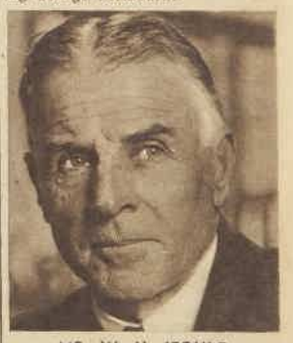
Major-General Richardson formerly commanded 1st Cavalry Div. A.M.F. Served in last war as commander of 7th Light Horse and brigade-major 2nd Light Horse.

MISS ANN DRYER

. . . Pre-school officer

"TRAINING of mothercraft nurses in principles of pre-school education and in problems of child psychology will be among my chief duties," says Miss Ann Dryer, new pre-school officer to Health Department, Melbourne.

Miss Dryer, a West Australian, holds nursery school, kindergarten, and sub-primary diplomas, and is graduate of Kindergarten Training College, Melbourne.



MR. W. H. IFOULD

. . . New post for librarian

MR. W. H. IFOULD, former New South Wales Public Librarian, has been appointed N.S.W. Deputy Director, Department of War Organisation of Industry. His new post deals with correlating the war effort of the defence services and the national economy.

As Public Librarian for 30 years, Mr. Ifould was largely responsible for building up the Mitchell Library collection of Australiana.

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MICKEY AND THE BEAUTY QUEEN

Comedy romance of a tomboy who decided to outshine her lovely sister by becoming a glamor girl.

PUBLIC LIBRARY 8 APR 1942 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Winston leaped to his feet, promptly deserting Mickey, as Cecily appeared.

By HELENE CARPENTER

IT had been a grand day. No classes, and horses to ride! She flopped in the wicker chair, hoisted her spurred boots up on the big pottery tub and carefully considered her ice-cream cone. With each bite she pushed the ice-cream a little farther down with her tongue. This way it would last to the very tip end.

The conversation programme had just begun when a long blue roadster rolled up the gravel drive and stopped under the portico. It was Lieut. Robert E. Winston, the polo coach and her father's adjutant. Too bad he'd let her sister, Cecily, get her hooks in him. Sissy was a super-drooper siren.

"Hi, Bob!" Mickey yelled at him. "Dismount and fight on foot!" He looked disturbingly attractive coming up the steps in his smart tailored uniform.

"Hello, Mickey," he said, removing his cap and sitting down on the railing.

"Want some?" She proffered the cone reluctantly. "I've licked it."

"You're safe, Greedy," he said, shaking his head. "How do you like the college detail by this time?"

"How do you?" she countered.

"I'd rather be with the troops."

"Me, too," she agreed. "By the way, I'm to be called Michele from now on."

"The devil you are. Why?"

"In the first place," she said, squinting regretfully at the dwindling cone, "it's my name. But it's really because of Cecily. She's afraid her precious sorority sisters won't pledge me if I don't get some glamor—or something."

"Do you care?"

"I don't give a hoopla in Haiti. But you know Hedy Lamarr in there." Mickey nodded her wind-tousled, red curls in the direction of the open french doors. "The blight of having a social flop for a sister would be unbearable! You know, Bob," she said wistfully, "I wish Dad had never been made Commandant of this old R.O.T.C. unit. He's so—so unsympathetic since we've been stationed here. You know what a good egg he is on a post. Why, he even made me quit helping the polo squad with the new ponies. Says I've got to be a lady or he'll break my neck."

"When did all this reorganisation begin?" Tiny lines crinkled in amusement around Winston's eyes.

"Last night. Cecily dragged me to the sorority house for dinner. Made me wear one of her silly-frilly dresses and smeared my mouth with her filthy lipstick. Dad let her, too. Said if mother were alive 'twould be different, but Sissy was older and knew best."

"How did you upset her apple-cart?" The quirk in the corner of his mouth belied the sober interest in his deep voice, as did his eyes.

"It was guest night. A professor who owned a farm sat by me. We talked about his stock and about the Government helping to raise the standard of breeding for farmers. All in the world I said was that Sharnbrooke, the government stud at Fort Reno, was the best stallion in the area. When we got home Cecily was in a fizz. She told Dad I'd disgraced her. That she'd never take me anywhere again until I knew the difference between table talk and stable talk. Which," she added defiantly, "suits me jam up."

Winston reached over and patted her knee with a lean brown hand. "Wait till Saturday and you walk off with the blue ribbons at the University Horse Show," he said comfortingly, "they'll be proud of you then. I saw you take Night Flight over the course this afternoon. He's one sweet jumper."

"Isn't he a honey? I've trained him every bit myself, you know. Dad thought he'd never make a colt. Kind of spindly, he was. That's why he turned him over to me."

The screen door opened. "Hello, Bob," said a cool, clear voice. "I didn't know you were here."

Winston leaped to his feet looking a bit bedazzled by the impact of french perfume, silver foxes, and the season's high in foolish hats. Most of the time Mickey took a secret delight in the conquests of her fair and lovely sister. It was different with Bob, though. She never wanted to see that goofy expression spread over his features.

"Oh, Michele!" Cecily said in her haughtiest tones. "You home?"

"No, I'm down at the stables." Vigorously she lapped at the ice-cream. It dribbled through the end of the moist cone onto her dusty polo breeches. She quickly thrust the rest of it in her mouth.

Cecily turned her beautifully groomed head away from the disgusting exhibition. "Did you phone, Bob?" There was just the faintest touch of reproach in her voice.

"No. Thought I'd drop by. On the off chance you might go to the city with me for dinner and show." He sounded casual, but he looked hopeful.

"If I'd only known! It's such a bore having to keep a date book and being dated up for weeks in advance. Campus politics, you know. The chapter is running me for Beauty Queen in spite of my objections. Isn't it ridiculous?"

"Just had to twist her arm," said Mickey.

"And so," Cecily continued imperturbably, "I simply have to show up at the interfraternity tea dance this afternoon with Dave McGraw, editor of the student newspaper, you know."

"Press agent?" asked Winston.

"Why, Bob," Mickey said, "don't tell me you haven't heard of Mr. Ducros, the Queen maker. As he thinks, so thinks the campus. Confidentially, he's a cross to bear!" She watched her sister arrange a languid smile of tolerance on the outside of her face to hide the blaze in her black eyes.

"Michele certainly has imagination!" Cecily said to Bob.

"And you certainly have a taste for knick-knacks," said Mickey. How she could turn down a date with Bob Winston for that opinionated show-off!

"Hrrumph!" Colonel William Henry Coppard jammed the doorway with his bulk. Lately, it seemed to Mickey, his red hair and temper were all over the place like a setter pup with hydrophobia. He was fond of calling himself a soldier of the old school whose spurs were worn from scratching horsehide, not office desks. Mickey scrootched down out of sight.

"Thought I heard your voice, Bob," he boomed in his parade ground voice. "Come into my study, I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir," said Bob, casting a speculative glance after Cecily who tripped down the steps to meet a tall thin boy with glasses.

The Colonel barged out on the porch as if he'd just forgotten something. "Mickey—er Michele?"

Mickey emerged from the depths of the chair. Her father's choleric glance swept over her. "What in the devil are you doing in riding clothes at this hour of the day after what I told you last night? I wouldn't have a private in my outfit that looks as sloppy dirty as you manage to. Your sister's right about that. How long have you worn those filthy breeches?"

"They were clean this morning, Dad. I've been working on Night Flight and a couple of other horses for the show—and I——"

"What did I tell you about that? I'll have some discipline here, or I'll—— Get upstairs! Double quick now."

"Okay, William Henry," she murmured inaudibly. "Don't pop a blouse button. I'm going." She ducked past him and ran up the stairs to her room. She flipped off her spurs, slammed her right foot into a bootjack and pulled furiously. It made her mad to be bawled out in front of Bob Winston all the time, as if she were a ten-year-old and not a grown woman, a freshman in the University and entitled to dignified treatment. Cecily was to blame for it all. Running off at the mouth to Dad about her. She jerked again. Her foot came loose from the boot. She toppled over backward, missing the edge of the bed and landed with a resounding thump on the floor.

At dinner that evening, Mickey saw that her father was unusually preoccupied. Between courses he heaved a sigh and pulled at the red tuft on his forehead that was separated from the rest of his hair by a bald spot. She didn't feel too chatty herself. Most everything she did or said was wrong these days, so she gave her attention to the joy of eating. Dessert had just been served when Cecily floated in starry eyed, flung her furs on a dining chair and sat down at the table.

"Just some coffee for me, Nellie," she said to the maid. "I'm not hungry."

She rested her chin on her hand and regarded her sister with a smile designed to be charming. "Michele, dear," she said softly, "will you do me a favor?"

A touch, thought Mickey. It's the end of the month and she wants to borrow my allowance to buy a new dress for the student council dance to-morrow night. "Sorry, no soap!" she said. "I have a chance to buy an Italian jumping saddle cheap and I need my money."

"Don't be a goose," Cecily said. "It's just that Dave thinks it would be grand publicity for me to write a few articles for the paper on the various parts of the world where we've been stationed. You've kept such marvellous diaries, I thought you might enjoy doing it—under my name, of course."

"What kind of articles?" asked Mickey.

Please turn to page 15

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"Are you quite sure, Mrs. Cosgraeve, that this isn't the package you gave Robertson?" Sergeant O'Connor demanded.

THE STORY SO FAR:

VISITING her AUNT LIDE at her home town, Nashiona, with her author husband, SHAWN COSGRAEVE, KIT COSGRAEVE learns that CHATTY PHILLIPS has broken up the married homes of several of her girlhood friends, apparently including the home of TOM and EVE ROBERTSON.

At a reception arranged in Shawn's honor by MRS. SPENCER, president of the Woman's Club, Chatty asks Kit to give Tom a package without letting Eve see it, but before this can be done Chatty drops dead, poisoned by cyanide, when she sips her tea.

While SERGEANT O'CONNOR takes charge of investigations, Tom decamps, but later comes to Kit, asking for the package. It has disappeared from her bag, and he leaves, saying mysteriously that he has another call to pay.

Now read column 3—

MURDER FOR TEA

In darkness and secrecy, death strikes for the second time. Our absorbing mystery serial.

By EDITH HOWIE

I THINK it must have been three o'clock when the telephone rang. It wakened me out of a sound sleep and I struggled up from the depths of slumber to hear Shawn, swearing as he sought slippers and bathrobe. And then Aunt Lide tapped on our door. Would Shawn mind answering? A telephone ringing at night frightened her.

The telephone was in the lower hall. Aunt Lide and I followed Shawn and sat on the top step as we waited for him to complete his descent and silence the incessant ringing.

Almost at once he put down the receiver and came to the foot of the stairs. "It's a woman and she wants to talk to you."

I said "To me?" in what I fondly believed was an incredulous tone. But I wasn't incredulous, really. That was solely for Aunt Lide's benefit. The authorship of this telephone call wasn't deceiving me and I had a hunch it wasn't deceiving Shawn.

As I passed him, I said softly, "Eve, is it?" Shawn didn't answer.

But it was. She said "Kit? Listen to me. Tom isn't home and I'm worried. Did he tell you where he was going to-night after he left you?"

Well, that was the question direct. I tried to dodge it a little, answering, but it was a feeble attempt and useless. I said, "What makes you think I saw Tom to-night?"

Her voice flashed back at me instantly, underrung with a cruel triumph. "I'm not thinking—I know. Don't you understand? The police are looking for him—for Chatty's murder—and they've traced him to your house."

I'm not sure how long it was before Eve rang off. It seemed ages with Shawn standing there glaring at me and Aunt Lide perched half-way up the stairs, keeping up a steady barrage of "What is it?" and "What does she want?"

Eve is the sort of person who, even free of trouble, inclines to be waspish. Now she obviously couldn't understand why Tom had chosen to make his appearance briefly here instead of at home.

I said, "Oh, Eve, don't be silly! Don't you realise that Tom would know the police would be watching your place for him and that they wouldn't be apt to watch Aunt Lide's? Put yourself in his place. If you wanted information—"

Even through the telephone I could her quick forced breathing.

"Are you trying to make me believe Tom Robertson came to you for information?"

I got angry then, I said. "You can believe what you like. You will, anyway. But you needn't wake me out of a sound sleep at three in the morning to tell me that I'm a liar!"

She was politer after that, but still sulky. She said, "I'm not calling you a liar, Kit. I don't know what I'm saying. I'm half crazy—waiting here. I thought perhaps he'd told you where he was going—"

"I'm sorry," I told her. "I did ask him if he were going home, but all he said was that he'd a call to make first."

"But if you do call on people, you don't stay all night!" She was frankly crying now. "Oh, what in the world's the matter with him? He didn't kill Chatty—he couldn't have. Then what makes him hide like this?"

I couldn't tell her. I did my best, as good a best as one can do over a telephone, to reassure her and presently I had her promise to go to bed and try to sleep.

When she hung up at last I was a wreck.

But there was to be no sleep for us the rest of the night. Aunt Lide's curiosity had been aroused and by the time we finally managed to get the whole story across to her it was grey morning. Even then, story or no, she wasn't satisfied.

"But what was in the package?"

I said wearily once again that I didn't know. I don't know whether Aunt Lide believed me or not. She said "Humph!" and "Why'd she give it to you?"

I couldn't answer that either. Unless it was because my absence from Nashiona had given me a kind of comparative stranger status and she didn't care to trust her friends—

"Friends!" Aunt Lide snorted. "Chatty Phillips never had a friend—she wouldn't know what to do with one."

Which seemed to put a period to that.

Shawn, up in our room, took a more serious view of the matter. He said, "I don't like the police knowing Robertson was here. It may put ideas in their heads."

"What sort of ideas?" I demanded scornfully. "I didn't murder Chatty and I'd swear Tom didn't. But even if he did, what's so criminal about his coming here?"

"It's the package and its problematical contents that I don't like." Shawn said honestly. "If it was perfectly innocent, then why all the hocus-pocus about getting it from Mrs. Phillips to Robertson, and if it wasn't perfectly innocent—" He spread his hands in a wide gesture.

"I thought of drugs myself," I said in a resigned tone, "but they're a little theatrical, don't you think? After all this is the Middle West, and I've never seen a drug addict not anyone who remotely resembles one."

"You probably wouldn't recognise one if you did," Shawn said thoughtfully. "At any rate it's not drugs I'm thinking about. I've a different idea."

I asked "What?" but he wouldn't tell me, and, after some unproductive coaxing, I shifted to another subject.

"The police must be insane," I said, "if they think Tom had anything to do with her death. He never came near her all the afternoon. And don't you remember—he was just leaving when she dropped the cup?"

"If they suspect him, it's his own fault," Shawn observed. "He was a fool to run away."

"He wasn't running away," I insisted. "He said he was in a tight place—"

"What kind of a tight place?" Shawn asked curiously.

"I don't know."

"Packet again," he guessed. "It all comes back to the same thing."

We were on our way downstairs. It was just a matter of a half a dozen steps and we'd be in the breakfast room and within reach of Aunt Lide's guiding hand and there was something I had to get settled here and now.

Please turn to page 24

Let us be practical

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FRIEND OF THE BRIDE

Appealing wartime romance

By LILIAN CHISHOLM

Love called to Stella, but duty would not let her answer.

"Hallo, Ratstails. Imagine meeting you here," Alan greeted Stella delightedly.

"BRIDE or bridegroom?" the usher asked her, in his suave voice.

"Friend of the bride," she said quietly, and was shown into one of the back pews, because the church was nearly full. She didn't mind that—she had no wish to be near the front. You could do all kinds of things tucked away in the back of the church—like crying and making a fool of yourself if you had a mind to.

Far up the aisle she could see Gillian's relations, the darlings. She had always loved them—they had been almost as good as her own mother and father, who hadn't stayed in the world very long after she arrived.

She owed them everything—her first party frock, the little luxuries that came her way, her schooling, her holidays on the South Coast with an adoring Gillian as her playmate. She had grown up determined that one day, no matter how, she would repay in some fashion all that they had done for her.

She had been such a plain child—so different from Gillian, with her long, silken-soft bob, her dark, velvety eyes. The world was Gillian's oyster all right, and opened at one touch of her slender little fingers. She had everything—looks and the sweetness that so often goes along with the plain ones of the world.

Stella loved Gillian, terribly. There seemed so little she could do to show that love, all the time they were growing up.

It had seemed only right, and natural, that Alan should fall in love with Gillian. Everybody fell in love with her, just as naturally as they might fall in love with a flower, or a shaft of sunlight, or a starry night.

She would make such an exquisite bride. Stella closed her eyes, remembering Gillian at their confirmation. She had been so beautiful even then—her childish face so sweetly solemn, her hands clasped before her with unconscious dignity, her slender body softly curved beneath the simple white silk frock. Beside Gillian, she had felt stupid and ungainly, with her dark, straight hair, her teeth confined behind a gold band, her hands fluttering awkwardly.

"Our little duckling," Gillian's mother had called her lovingly. "Never mind, sweetheart—one of these days you'll show them how a swan can come from an ugly little fledgeling." Gillian's mother always got a bit mixed in her metaphors, but she was such a dear, you didn't take any notice of that. You knew what she meant.

It hadn't been that way, though. True, the gold band had been removed, and proved to have done its work well, and she had had her dark hair cut into a graceful page-boy bob, which only needed lots of brushing and a little brilliantine to make it as smooth as a raven's wing.

Alan used to tease her about that. "Our little blackbird," he had called her, when they played in the stackyard together. "And you," he would add, looking at Gillian, "you are my fairy princess."

They had grown up together, the three of them. They had quarrelled a bit, at times, but nothing had really come between them, ever. Gillian had given Stella her first grown-up dance frock, had seen to it that she met nice people, was one of the "crowd." When the war started, Alan came to them, in the old room at the top of the house, and told them he was going to join up.

Gillian had cried. Stella had sat on one side, feeling outside their magic circle. Alan had taken Gillian in his arms and comforted her, and, when he had gone, it was Stella's arms that replaced his.

"He'll never come back," Gillian had cried forlornly. "And I love him so. There'll never be anybody but Alan——"

Stella herself had joined up soon afterwards. Her employer at the office found that his books no longer made a total of four out of two and two, and he was afraid she must find other work. The local recruiting officers listened to her story, asked her a few questions, trained her and gave her a shining new ambulance to drive. She worked so hard during the next few months that she saw precious little of Gillian.

She heard, indirectly, that they were to be married on Alan's first leave. When she was given the opportunity of going out to France, on duty, she took it eagerly. It would be a splendid chance of escaping that wedding——

And now, here she was, back again, after all. Gillian had written, begging her to get leave. It hadn't been easy, and she hadn't wanted to come.

"It won't seem like my wedding without you, dearest," Gillian had added as a postscript, "so please try."

She had only arrived late last night. She had fallen into bed just before dawn, dog-tired—even too tired to think of Alan.

But this morning her mind would give her no rest. Very soon, now, she would see Gillian walking up the aisle towards Alan. She would see Alan, too, standing there, his dark eyes glowing, his whole being adoring his bride, forgetting that brief interlude when, for a precious while, he had not thought of Gillian at all——

It had happened in France. In a world turned topsy-turvy, where values had changed and feelings and emotions were tossed about like matchwood, she had met Alan, at a landing ground where she had been sent with the staff car. He had grinned and come across to her in glad surprise.

"Hallo, Ratstails," he had greeted her delightedly. "Imagine meeting you here. By all that's holy——"

That had started it. They had gone to the canteen together, and their talk had been nothing but "Remember——? Do you remember that day when——? Remember that time we——?"

She never knew how it happened, but there had been a night, some few days later, when they had both had two hours' leave together. They had planned to ride to the nearest town to celebrate. Alan's car had broken down, and they had been stranded miles from anywhere. Searchlights had raked the quiet sky with silver fingers, and, in the distance, there had been the sudden sound of guns. It had seemed to her, at that moment, as if they were alone in a nightmare world—a world where any moment might be the last. She had turned and looked at Alan—and he had taken her in his arms.

"I've been such a fool, beloved," he had whispered. "I don't know how it ever happened—I must have had my head turned by her loveliness, her sweet ways, but all the time, in my heart, it was you—you—always you! Stella, don't you see what I'm saying? I love you——"

She had listened to him for a moment. Surely she had a right to just sixty seconds' worth of happiness, to last through her life? She had loved him so long, so loyally, and so silently—and so she gave him kiss for kiss, until she remembered Gillian——

Gillian, who had given her everything, from her first party frock to her first holiday by the sea. Gillian, who was so dear, so kind, so loving, and who had adored Alan since they were children. But Gillian had so much—why did she have to have Alan, too? It would be so easy to take Alan now, while he was so near to her, so tossed by feverish emotion, in a mad world—so very easy.

Please turn to page 26

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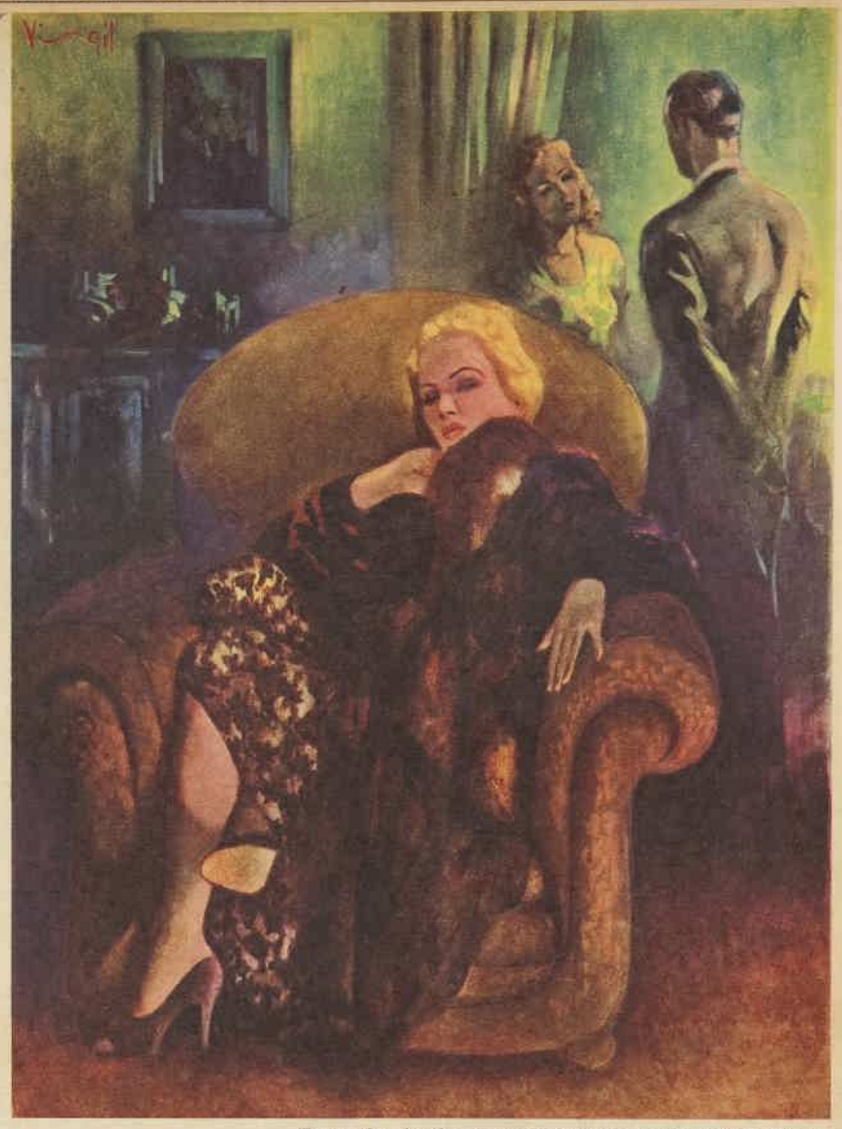
Dramatic Story of . . .

FALLEN IDOLS

A fight for happiness



From the depths of the armchair Mavis heard Nesta arguing bitterly with Freddy.

By WILLIAM DE LISLE

"GOOD NIGHT! Good night!"

The door clicked shut. In the soft dimness of the hall Mavis let her fur wrap fall to a chair and lifted her arms high in a slow gesture, almost feline. It was good to be home.

Always she was comforted to come back to the tall, stately old house where she was born. Even as a bride she had been quite stubborn about it. Stephen hadn't wanted to come here to live.

Quickly intolerant of her thoughts, Mavis turned to the library. She was grateful for the solitude, glad no servant was about to take her wrap, fuss with the fire and lights. Jenks and the rest of the staff were old and stiff, just like the house. It was understood that they were not to remain up after eleven unless there were guests. But Jenks had left a lovely fire. Mavis put her hand to the light switch, but withdrew it quickly. More charming without lights—only the glow of the coals, the big chair, peace.

No use going to bed, she couldn't sleep. Music did key one up. The opera had been magnificent.

She could not relax. Had she ever rested—in ten years? Not since Stephen had flung himself out of the door and had not come back. Why must she always be thinking of him? All that was over. Steve lived his own life abroad, a suave, sophisticated life. As for herself, she was adored and envied—more than she cared about.

The firelight touched her softly with its warm glow as she sank into the depths of a big armchair before it.

She glanced at the clock. Only a little after eleven. Nesta would be out for hours, probably, at one of those late midnight revues. How did they stand it? Nesta had looked adorable when she started—like a cool exquisite flower. Mavis never quite recovered from the wonder of being her mother.

It had hurt a little, Nesta's careless acceptance of engagements on her first afternoon and evening at home. Mavis would so gladly have missed the opera—anything for a few quiet hours before the fire with Nesta. She had hardly spoken to her all day. That telephone! It had rung incessantly. It would have been easy for Nesta to tell Jenks not to call her, that the day was her mother's. Of course Mavis was glad she was so popular and lovely and clever. Should she wait for her? Again she glanced at the clock. Only ten minutes gone.

Suddenly she knew herself dead tired. It had been a long day, an exciting day, rather. When before had she been up at seven? A swift drive to the pier to meet Nesta's boat. A grey morning with a flurry of snow in the air, great soft lazy flakes swirling and plopping noiselessly against the car windows, vanishing as they fell. A strange unreality about everything.

She had been vaguely depressed as she waited. Life was slipping away so swiftly. She had lost Steve. She was middle-aged! What did it all mean?

Then, at last, Nesta! Suddenly filling the world with her young sweetness; coming down the gangway, her shining eyes embracing her long before they met. A new Nesta, older, somehow, more poised, less of dreams in her eyes and more of—what? How they changed, even in a summer.

The front door clicked. Nesta, coming in early. How wonderful! There was a staccato murmur, Nesta's quick contralto and a deeper answering voice. Freddy Harms, probably. Mavis liked Freddy. Should she call out to them? No, that might bring Freddy in for an interminable adieu. The fire had burned low, the room was dim, the big chair hid her completely.

"Nes, I don't understand you." This from Freddy on a note of hurt desperation. "Last spring before you went away you let me think you cared. You said——"

"Oh, one says so many silly things." Nesta's cello voice, flippant, derisive. "Freddy, you disappoint me. I thought you could play a game more subtly. M-m—everybody seems to have gone to bed, even mother. I hoped she would be up, that's why I didn't go on to the show."

"Listen, Nesta. You've been putting me off all evening. I couldn't talk in that mob. And coming home you made a joke of everything I said. What's the answer? Are you turning me down? It's all over—is that it? Nes, that night last spring at the dance—why, you haven't forgotten that, have you? We didn't put it definitely into words and promises. It didn't seem necessary. But I thought we both understood.

"I thought you belonged to me. I worked like thunder all last year to make sure I'd get my degree so that I could start in business this summer. Get ready to take care of you. I didn't even go to the country with the family."

His voice choked boyishly. Mavis was frozen to inaction lest she should embarrass the storm-torn pair behind her. Should she call out? She decided not. If discovered, she would pretend to be asleep. Very sound asleep.

"And now what do I get? A laugh. I'm just one of the crowd."

"Freddy, if you'll only stop raving——"

"I will, don't worry. After tonight you'll never hear me talking again. You've changed, that's what. And what a fool I've been! Getting all worked up because my girl was coming home. Positively crazy for weeks. Actually I came here tonight with the diamond ring in my pocket—me, the prize fool. And you don't care a hang——"

"Don't, don't!" Nesta's voice was piteous. "Never say that again. I've loved you every minute since the first day I saw you. No, don't touch me. All the time I was away I felt glorified, somehow. There were lots of men abroad. Father knows such interesting people. Some of them gave me a thrilling time; not a few of them proposed to me. I wasn't even interested, Freddy. Father is a darling, but I couldn't think of anything except coming back to you."

"Nes! Then why?"

"Freddy, I don't believe in marriage."

In a brief silence it seemed to Mavis that the girl's words reverberated like a clap of thunder. The older woman grew cold, there in the snug warmth of her house. The boy's reply came in dismayed shock.

"What do you mean, Nes?"

"Just that. I don't believe in marriage at all. It's a huge joke. Knowing all the people we do, and how things turn out, can we possibly take it seriously?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. All I know is that if we love each other—"

"What's love got to do with it?" demanded the girl. "Most people who marry are in love. That only makes the muddle more horrible. Look at Mother and Daddy. They loved each other. Madly, Freddy. Why, I can remember when I was small—oh, what's the use? It's all terrible. I'd rather—rather jump into a big canyon with my eyes shut than accept the mummery that plunges people into boredom and disloyalty and deceit and divorce and scandal."

"Nes, darling." Freddy seemed to be shrinking from the blow of her words, "don't you trust me?"

"Yes, I trust you, but I don't trust marriage." Suddenly she was crying, devastatingly, and he trying futilely to console her.

"Nes, don't cry. Please don't. I can't stand it. It's all a fuss about nothing. You're just worked up and nervous—"

"Go away!" she sobbed. "Don't come near me. You don't understand. Nobody does. I don't want to see you again. I'd hate you if you came here again. Go away."

"All right. I'll go. But I'm coming back in the morning. This is all a lot of nonsense. You'll see it yourself to-morrow. Good night, Nesta."

The front door closed with a soft thud.

Mavis felt stunned, beaten. In all the world there seemed nothing but that desolate, sobbing, huddled figure on the stairs. She wanted to go out there, and gather the child in her arms, but she could not. She felt unfit, unworthy to go.

What did anything else matter? What did she and Steve matter, with their arrogant insistence on petty rights and privileges of individuality? They had done this. It was no adolescent pose, this wretchedness. They had made of Nesta a bitter cynic before she was out of the nursery.

The stifled sobs continued for a long time before Nesta's light step retreated up the stairs and there came faintly the distant closing of a door.

Mavis stood up stiffly. She was shaking, her brain on fire. What was she to do? How, after this revealing hour, could she find a way of approach?

When the telephone tinkled in a corner of the room she did not hear it, so far had she drifted. Three times it rang before she dragged herself to answer. "Yes, Mrs. Colby speaking."

"Mavis?"

Mavis' vitality left her. It was Steve's voice at the other end. But Nesta had said Steve was still away!

Again. "Mavis?" sharp with anxiety.

With all her will she commanded her voice. "It's Steve, isn't it?"

"Yes. And it's unpardonable to phone you at this hour. I thought Jenks would answer. I'm awfully sorry."

Please turn to page 10

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LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—Air observers keep ceaseless watch on skies

Housewives, fishermen, boundary riders man Australia's new service

By DOROTHY DRAIN

A plane drones over a lonely Australian outpost. A woman drops the potatoes she is peeling for dinner, grabs her binoculars, stares at the sky for a few seconds, and runs to the telephone.

Her message gets priority. "Aircraft seen, high, near"—letters and numbers follow—"north, south, 13.58."

Hundreds of miles away a telephonist at control records her message, looks at a notice-board, checks it with Air Force information.

THE woman is one of thousands of Australian civilians drawn in the last few months into a vast network of volunteer air observers.

"'Ours' or 'Theirs'" is the problem they help to solve. Men and women of all ages, boundary riders, schoolteachers, miners, professional men and women, fishermen, dairy farmers, all take their turn as watchers of the sky.

Posts have been improvised in private houses, on verandahs, in towers, in tin sheds—anywhere that commands a good stretch of sky and a telephone.

At control centre in a capital city last week I saw how the messages come in.

A huge map dominates the room, where, with Air Force officers in charge, Air Training Corps boys sit at telephones taking messages from a network of posts that cover thousands of square miles.

A fair-haired Waaaf, who used to be a country exchange telephonist, is on duty at the switch.

A message comes in. The receiving telephonists note it, check it.

If it tallies, that's okay.

If it doesn't, there's a flash to the right quarter—and that's another story!

Scattered posts

IN the next two days I travelled hundreds of miles to scattered observation posts.

At our first post I got an inkling of how seriously these civilians take their responsibilities.

"This is the air-observer's post?" I asked two women on the verandah.

"Is it?" they countered with a slightly hostile air.

A call through to control and our passes put things right.

Twenty of the twenty-three observers at this post are women, local housewives and business girls. Wife of the owner of the house takes many of the night watches, and helps instruct the newcomers.

She has a husband and three children to look after, yet does several three-hour watches a week, including the midnight to three a.m. on some nights.

"I used to know a plane had tail and wings, and that's about all," she said. "Now I'm quite an authority.

"Once when I first began learning the job I found myself staring at five aircraft in formation. I couldn't distinguish any details, my eyes were nearly popping through the glasses with strain.

"Then one flapped its wings. Ducks!

"My family had a great laugh as you can imagine, but I wasn't tricked like that again.

"The whole thing gets hold of you. When I'm not on duty I find that the sound of a plane draws me out like a magnet, even though it's not my shift."

In each post there is a specially selected chief observer, who has received a course of instruction by Air Force personnel.

Each post owns one pair of good binoculars, but all sorts of glasses, and old telescopes that have lain forgotten in cupboards for years, have been brought into commission. One old observer is happiest using the telescope that his father bought long before he was born.

Miners, a schoolteacher on long-service leave, and two caravan-dwellers are among those who man a post at a tiny seaside place commanding a magnificent view of Australian coastline.

The caravan-dwellers are Mr. H. S. Rutter, a retired poultry farmer, and his wife, who have pitched camp on the land where they had intended to build before war upset their plans.

Mrs. Rutter, a very youthful-looking grandmother, takes her share of watches.

With the schoolmaster as chief observer, a fishing and farming community have 32 observers, half of them housewives, the men mostly fishermen and farmers. A Boer War veteran makes himself generally useful around the post, which is a tin shed not far from the river bank.

Contributing a few shillings each, and giving the labor, they constructed the post, and are putting in a floor and electric light.

At present a kerosene lamp lights it for the night watches.

Mr. J. Eames, a fisherman who lives in a little riverside shack, had just taken over from Mrs. Fawcett when we called. Mrs. Fawcett, mother of a six-year-old daughter, was about to row the mile and a half back home.

Once a week, rain or shine, she rows along to do some hours at the post.

"Our only hostile aircraft so far are the mosquitoes," said Mr. Eames, "but we keep a sharp lookout for anything more vicious."

All observers are taught to describe the plane by using the letters and numbers on their printed guide cards.

The cards show various sections of an aeroplane, nose, wings, undercarriage, etc., and their variations.

This avoids any confusion of similar types. The observer doesn't say: "A Douglas has just passed over," but runs through the description, which takes no longer, and is accurate.

If he likes to say, "I think it's the mail plane," after he has given his message, no one objects.

But observers are impressed with the fact that enemy planes may very likely be camouflaged to resemble our own. If they can't see every detail, they use the word "unknown" for any detail of appearance which they cannot describe.

"It is better to give no description than a wrong description," they are told. The fact that a plane passed in a certain direction at a certain time can easily be measured up with information from other posts.

At night detailed observation is seldom possible, but again direction, height, etc., and time all serve as checks.

Naturally the voluntary scheme is only supplementary to all the ramifications of air-force observation, but it lifts a great burden of routine work from the service.

Air Force personnel are enthusiastic at its success, and many more posts are projected.

The effect on morale, too, has been noticeable.

Many women who formerly peered apprehensively at the sky at the sound of a plane now feel that their apprehension has turned to confidence.

They are helping Australia to win.

MRS. M. FAWCETT, top left, rows a mile and a half to a riverside post. Above: Mesdames M. Saul and D. Haslett are two of 65 observers at another spotting post.

"DANG ME if I ever saw one like that before . . ." Men and women of all ages act as voluntary spotters to help the Air Force.

MISS D. HOWLETT, at the telephone box (made from an ice-chest), in a post which was formerly a sunbathing tower.

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Norman Pleasants helps his father, Mr. Joe Pleasants, in a tower post built by a local council for the observers.

Win Shirley doll or Rooney boxing-gloves

EXTRA special prizes of a glorious Shirley Temple doll and a splendid set of Mickey Rooney boxing-gloves, gifts of these stars themselves, are waiting to be won in the £5000 Red Cross Dream Home Art Union.

Every ticket-holder whose ticket butt is in by April 18 will have a chance to win one of these wonderful special prizes in addition to the Dream Home itself.

N.S.W.

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Editorial

APRIL 11, 1942

WELCOME HOME!

IN the hearts and minds of thousands of Australian women to-day is just one thought — the boy is home again.

Theirs is the deep personal joy of knowing that oceans no longer divide them from one of the family circle.

For the nation there is pride and satisfaction in knowing that some of its best fighting men are back to join the ranks that now buttress Australia against Japanese aggression.

These men are not the same boys who went away with their soldiering knowledge confined to practice shoots, field exercises, and manoeuvres.

They have come home veterans of war. They have learned the vital lessons that are taught only by the heat and danger of actual battle.

They have new lines on their faces to make a mother's heart ache, but they've also new steel in their hearts.

It was to protect Australia from afar that they went away. They have come back to take up the same job at home.

Immeasurably strengthened by battle experience these men of the A.I.F. will be stationed among their comrades of the home-trained forces.

News of their homecoming was the most joyous of a series of heartening developments that have caused a wave of high hope and new confidence to sweep over the country.

The Allied air successes over New Guinea and the arrival of MacArthur and American fighting men were grand happenings, but the return of our own men was the grandest of all.

Welcome home, Anzacs!

—THE EDITOR.

BOOMERANG CLUB for Aussies in London

DUCHESS OF KENT greets a bearded bluejacket at Australia House. Many servicemen in London have met Royalty here.

AUSTRALIA HOUSE (right) on a corner of London's famous and now much-bombed Strand. The Boomerang Club has been established on its ground floor.

Lots of our boys in grand new quarters at Australia House

By cable from ANNE MATHIESON, of our London office

Australian boys in England now have a club of their very own here. It's the Boomerang Club, which yesterday opened without ceremony but with the warmest welcome waiting on the doormat.

This doormat is at the blastproof back entrance of Australia House, where the Boomerang Club spreads itself over the whole of the ground floor and basement.

YOU go in by swing doors, having been directed to the club by signs all over London, and if it's your first visit you're made a member, for the Boomerang Club is a club in the real sense, and has the atmosphere to suggest that you're in a place of your very own.

First two members of the R.A.A.F. I met there were entertaining a Canadian friend from Canada's Beaver Club.

This has long kept its hospitable doors open to Australians, and now the R.A.A.F. boys have a chance to return the kindness.

These two boys were Sergeant-Pilots Pat Campbell, of Gunnedah, N.S.W., and Brian Treloar, of Maryborough, Queensland.

"Isn't it posh?" they said as they looked over rooms which at the cost of £12,000 provided easily the most spacious and comfortable of any London wartime club.

Cloakroom, radiogram forms, newspapers, a tailor's shop for valeting while you wait, bathrooms and showers, two barbers' chairs, ping-pong tables, writing and reading rooms are among the facilities provided.

There's even a music-room, where I saw Captain Joe Coen, of Vaucluse, now in the Royal Artillery in England, playing "Yes, My Darling Daughter."

Assistant Section Officer Marg Piers Thomas, of Melbourne, in charge of W.A.A.F. transport drivers in London, leaned across the piano talking to Joe, and Pat Long Innes, now the wife of Captain Watson, blew in to see who was in town and joined the "concert party."

Going over the West Australian papers, Sub-Lieutenant Dick Slattery, of Cottesloe, W.A., was joined by O.D. Peter Davies, of Mosman.

It is a long time since A.B. Peter Handaker, of Vaucluse, has been on leave in London, and he was amazed to find the little room upstairs in Australia House where servicemen used to go had in two years expanded into this club.

He hadn't been in long when in ran one of the boys he came over to England with, A.B. Ray Williams, from Brisbane. I left them recounting to each other many of the experiences of their two years in the Navy, and joined Sergeant Air-Gunners Bruce Edye, of Orange, N.S.W., and Bill Cuthbert, from Franklin, Tas., who were having tea served by Miss Marie Mackinnon, sister-in-law of the Agent-General for West Australia.

She is in charge of the snack bar with such well-known Australian girls in London as Stella O'Keefe, lending a hand in between spells of manning an ambulance, and Marie Hodgman, filling flower vases with lovely blooms.

A slouch hat appeared, and Corporal Bill Hort, from Victoria, over here with a forestry unit, took a look around and grinned his satisfaction.

Newest arrival in England, bearded Sub-Lieutenant D. John Henry, of Milson's Point, had a big audience of boys, for he brought the latest news of how the folks at home are getting along.

Downstairs there is an enormous dining-room where hot meals are served up till nine p.m.

Ken and Allan Hall, sons of a former Attorney-General of N.S.W., who designed and are running the club, are among the best caterers in England, and the Boomerang Club is getting the benefit of their vast experience.

"Seen any of the boys about?" I was asked by Pilot-Officer Bill Campbell. "The boys" he meant were those who were in Russia with him.

But they hadn't been in, and Bill settled down in a deep rust-colored leather armchair to talk fighter technique with Sergeant John Mueller, of Melbourne.

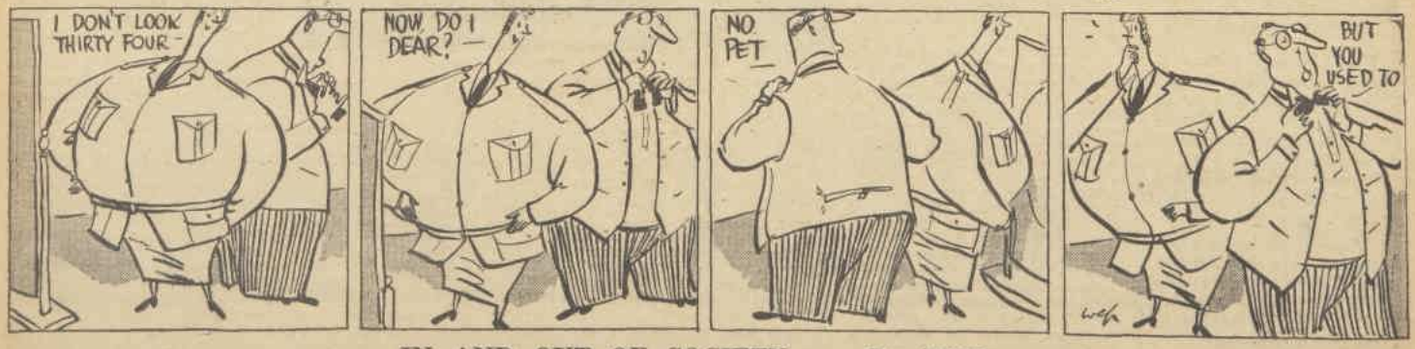
Mrs. Duncan, wife of the official secretary, Jessie Urquhart, Mrs. Allan Burberry, and others run the information bureau.

Here anything can be arranged from a sixpenny trip down the Thames to a fortnight in the old ancestral hall.

Sergeant-Pilots Arthur Clinch, of Rose Bay, and Jack Cummings, of Bonegilla, Victoria, summed up the servicemen's reaction in a few words: "Can't tell you what it means to come on leave to a club that is your own. It is the nearest thing to going home on leave we know, and the fact that they've gone to all this trouble to give us such a palatial place is very cheering."

SHORT STORY CONTEST CLOSES WITH RECORD ENTRIES

THE short story sections of The Australian Women's Weekly £2000 Fiction Contest closed on March 31 with a record number of entries. The judges are already hard at work going through the material, and it is hoped to conclude the judging as early as possible. Owing to the thorough reading all entries are given, the announcement of the winners in the various sections cannot be made immediately. Your job as short story writers is over—ours is beginning. We are determined to do full justice to every MS submitted. Then the winners will be announced. The £1000 serial contest closes on September 30.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... *By WEP*

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A.I.F. home again—and fighting fit . . .

MEN OF THE A.I.F. who have returned to Australia have one unanimous password: "Just let us have a crack at those Japs." This picture was taken aboard ship on the way home.

FAMILY REUNION. Back from the Middle East, Corporal H. Robson is met at the station by his wife and his excited daughter, Gabrielle, thrilled to have Dad home.

DADDY'S TIN HAT. Driver S. Noone, home from the Middle East, finds six-year-old John wants to borrow his tin hat and rifle.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

★★★ HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

(Week's Best Release)

Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

BASED on Richard Llewellyn's best-selling novel, this magnificent film justly earned its recent Academy Award as Best Film of 1941.

Superbly acted, directed by John Ford with sturdy realism, retaining all the quaint charm of the book's language, and accompanied in its unspoken passages by a stirring commentary, this film is one you must see and judge for yourself.

It is a saga of Welsh coalmining life. People you meet in its story are Huw (Roddy McDowall), the boy who, grown old, recounts his life from childhood; the honest, God-fearing Morgans (Donald Crisp and Sara Allgood); their sons, Patric Knowles and John Loder; the daughter (Maureen O'Hara); their daughter-in-law (Anna Lee); and the minister (Walter Pidgeon). All of these players are excellent in parts that were made for them — notably Donald Crisp, who won the Academy Award as Best Supporting Actor.—Embassy; showing.

★★★ HERE COMES MR. JORDAN

Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains. (Columbia.)

SPLENDIDLY acted, this farce is one of the most delightful and imaginative stories to reach the screen.

Robert Montgomery plays a prizefighter, Joe Pendleton. When his plane crashes and he is killed, he is taken up to heaven by Edward Everett Horton, but, because he is not due to arrive there for 50 years, he is returned to earth in a new body—two new bodies, in fact.

As the victim of a heavenly mistake, Bob is natural and lovable; as Mr. Jordan, the kindly, understanding heavenly registrar, Claude Rains gives a smooth performance, while James Gleason, playing the fight manager, is grand. —State; showing.

★★ LYDIA

Merle Oberon, Alan Marshal. (United Artists.)

"LYDIA" tells the story of a Boston debutante and her quartet of suitors, and, although it is overlong, women will love it.

Merle Oberon, in the title role, is charming, deftly handling the transition from youth to old age. The four men in her life are Joseph Cotten, a young physician; George Reeves, a Harvard athlete; Hans Yaray, a blind musician; and Alan Marshal, a devil-may-care naval officer.

The film is essentially a character study of Lydia. Its drama is sometimes slow-moving, and many scenes lag badly.

Edna May Oliver as Lydia's doughty old grandmother provides bright gleams of comedy.—Century; showing.

★★ TURNED OUT NICE AGAIN

George Formby, Peggy Bryan. (United Artists.)

LANCASHIRE comedian George Formby romps through another breezy English farce.

The story centres around the familiar family squabble between a new wife and a jealous mother-in-law, with Formby, the husband, as the worm who eventually turns.

Formby, as amusing and likeable as ever, earns this film its two stars. He sings three racy songs.

Piquant, baby-faced Peggy Bryan is an attractive foil for Formby, and Hay Petrie steals scenes with his portrayal of a drunk.—Victory; showing.

★ HONKY TONK

Clark Gable, Lana Turner. (MGM.)

JUST another drama of the early West, and even an impressive cast headed by such favorites as Clark Gable and Lana Turner doesn't save it from dullness.

The confusing story tells of a confidence man (Gable) who, through a series of crooked deals, takes over a gold-rush town.

Main interest in the film is the sultry romance between Clark and the exquisite Miss Turner.

There is some action and gunplay, but the plot lacks subtlety and originality.—St. James; showing.

★ NAVY BLUES

Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie. (Warner Bros.)

HERE is another story about two sailors and the scrapes they manage to get into when they are on shore leave. These maritime musicals are becoming pretty boring, and "Navy Blues" has few original slants.

Jack Oakie and Jack Haley are the "gobs," but even such competent comedians as these can't do much with such an uninspired tale.

Martha Raye tries hard to be funny, but looks singularly unattractive in bare midriff costume.

However, Ann Sheridan, as lovely as ever, sings some tuneful songs, while the introduction of the "Navy Blues Sextet" adds pleasing decoration.—Plaza; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Blossoms in the Dust.** Greer Garson in heart-warming drama. —Liberty; 16th week.

★★★ **Pimpernel Smith.** Leslie Howard in enthralling adventure. —Lyceum; 5th week.

★★★ **49th Parallel.** Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier in grand British anti-Nazi adventure drama.—Mayfair; 3rd week.

★★ **Nothing But the Truth.** Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard in amusing farce.—Prince Edward; 7th week.

★★ **A Yank in the R.A.F.** Tyrone Power, Betty Grable in enthralling topical romance. — Regent; 4th week.

Cable news from the studios

By VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

MYRNA LOY and her husband, the producer Arthur Hornblow, have separated for the second time—and it looks as if it is for good.

Myrna said both had decided it would be better if they pursued their careers apart, but that they are still the best of friends.

She has moved to a Beverly Hills apartment and will start divorce proceedings within a month.

Myrna and her husband first separated eighteen months ago, but were reconciled some time later.

ENGLISH Virginia Field, one-time fiancee of Richard Greene, weds radio announcer Paul Douglas this Saturday, April 11.

* * *

HEDY LAMARR, who announced her engagement to young cowboy actor George Montgomery last week, has just asked Franchot Tone to move out of her Canyon cottage which he has been renting. Hedy wants it for her honeymoon.

* * *

FILM star Lew Ayres has left Hollywood to join a conscientious objectors' camp at Cascade Locks, Oregon.

His exemption from military service was granted on religious grounds. Lew declared he did not believe in war.

* * *

SINCE his separation from his wife, Martha Kemp, Vic Mature has been living in the studio dressing-room.

* * *

ANN RUTHERFORD'S current bout of measles has cost her the leading role in Pasternak's "Tulip-time." Ann told me over the telephone about her visit to a naval hospital during a recent tour of U.S. camps. Receiving a request to cheer sick sailors with Hollywood news, she found herself prepared to dispense glamor to Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Barthelmess.

* * *

ON tour of U.S. Army camps with his pet elephant, young Indian lad Sabu was covered with embarrassment when the elephant, Pachyderm, refused to perform, and stumped sulkily off the stage.

ONE hundred and twenty-six Hollywoodites trekked to Mexico on a tour of Mexican Army camps. Mary Martin, Bob Hope, Laurel and Hardy, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, and her husband, Joel McCrea each received a terrific ovation from the troops.

* * *

WILLIAM HOLDEN has been called up for service, and enters the army this Saturday, April 11.

* * *

LILI DAMITA has been granted a divorce from Errol Flynn on the grounds of mental cruelty. Damita said that Flynn paid more attention to his yachts than to her. Damita was awarded the custody of their 11-months-old son and a property settlement allowing her £500 a month.

* * *

CAROLE LANDIS is flying from Los Angeles to Washington to marry screen-writer and producer Gene Markey, and it will be the third marriage for both. Carole's previous husbands were writer Irving Wheeler and yacht-broker Willis Hunt. Gene was formerly married to Joan Bennett, then Hedy Lamarr. He is now a lieutenant-commander in the navy.

* * *

LOUIS B. MAYER, film executive, has been granted permission by Henry Ford to make a film of his life.

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD has financed a nursery for children whose parents are absent in the army and on defence work.

Fallen Idols

Continued from page 6

MAVIS said, "I was up, sitting in the library. It's all right. I—I thought Nesta said you were still away. It startled me, hearing your voice."

"Yes, I ought to be shot!" The old extravagant contrition. "I left a few days after Nesta, but her party broke the journey for several days, you know."

"Oh, I see."

"Mavis, I'm foolish, I suppose, but I'm worried about Nesta. I watched her dancing to-night with a nice-looking boy. She didn't see me at all. There was something in her face—I can't explain it—an expression that didn't seem to belong there. I've watched her closely the last month or two, and I've noticed a new attitude in her. Do I imagine it? I'm absurdly anxious about her.

"I thought I'd ask Jenks if she was in, and I'd feel easier in my mind. I'm growing fussy in my old age, I guess."

"It isn't imagination! I've been desperate to-night about her, too. I could go down on my knees in thankfulness that you are in America. I must talk to you, Steve, about Nesta."

"When? Any time, Mavis."

"Not here, Steve. Nesta might—oh, if it could be before I see her again!" Mavis' voice was hoarse with appeal.

"Steady, Mavis. Nesta's all right, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Shall I run over and pick you up? We could talk as we drive. It's late, of course——"

"Yes. Come now. You needn't ring. I'll be watching."

"Be right over."

She switched on all the lights. With icy fingers touching her hot cheeks she stared wide-eyed at her own patrician face in the mirror above the fire. Was she utterly changed? What would Steve think? How would she seem to him?

Mavis went into the hall, put on her coat, and set the door slightly ajar. In an incredibly short time a taxi rolled up to the kerb. She ran down the steps.

Stephen leaped out. They stood surveying each other, carefully poised; two watchful, estranged lovers.

The light from a street lamp fell full on Steve. His face was grave, but never had Mavis seen his eyes so brilliant and deep. Would she be able to carry it through? Not cry like a fool, like a silly girl? He had changed so little — and so much!

"Odd, this, isn't it?" he said. "Turn to the light, Mavis, it's my turn to appraise." And since she did not obey—could not, really — he turned her gently by the shoulders and looked keenly into her white face. Abruptly he wheeled about and opened the cab door. "It's true," he said.

"What's true?"

"That you are lovelier than ever. I see our mutual friends on my travels occasionally, you know."

She stepped inside.

"What is it about Nesta, Mavis?" Stephen asked sharply. "Strange we don't trust our intuitions. I knew she had come through some mental crisis. You gave me a fright for a minute on the phone. Tell me."

It was difficult, but she found she could be ruthlessly accurate. No word of that stormy scene in the hall had failed to brand itself on her memory. She let him have it all, and saw him wince under it as she had done. For a long time after she had finished he was silent. At last he said:

"It's deadly plain we have deluded ourselves. Selfish people always do."

"It's I who have failed, Steve. You see that. I have had Nesta most of the time during these years, and I've failed — utterly, terribly. Tell me what to do."

Stephen's reply startled her. "Do you agree with Nesta, Mavis?"

"I don't know. That's honest. I don't know. Yesterday, a year ago, I might have said that I did. Life is so complex, so inexplicable. But to hear it from Nesta!"

"Something like it, some such recoil has kept you from a second marriage, hasn't it?"

When she did not answer he added quickly, "I had no right to ask that, Mavis. It was an impulse."

"It's quite all right," she said. "I was trying to think if that was really the case. I suppose it is, though I've never realised it."

"One hears rumors, you know," he reminded her. "And people get into the papers. I saw the announcement of your engagement to Harry Phelps. I've met him. He's a fine fellow."

"The announcement was unauthorised and denied. I definitely sent him away weeks ago. And you, Steve? Why are you still free?"

He shrugged. "I've never been sufficiently interested in anyone to marry. That's the simple truth." He glanced down at her and said slowly, "You have a way of making other women seem colorless, Mavis."

"Oh, how can we talk of ourselves!" she cried.

"Because we are the key to the situation," Stephen said deliberately. "How can we hope to help Nesta until we have found some light on our own bewilderment? We've tumbled off our pedestals. She will not listen to fallen idols. Mavis, do you know why I've come back this time?"

"No, I wondered as I waited for you."

"Well, I want you to know why I'm here. I came back because I couldn't live without seeing you again."

"Oh!" she gasped.

"It's true, Mavis. We made a ghastly fiasco. Must it be irrevocable? Don't turn away. I've been so terribly alone. Nothing has meant much to me—success, people, money."

"We quarrelled so shamefully, Steve, we'd quarrel again."

"I wonder. We've learned a lot in ten years, you know. For my part, I'd rather quarrel with you than be humbly adored by any other woman who lives. I was never bored with you, not even when I was furious enough to smash the furniture. Look at me Mavis!"

"I'm afraid Steve. But—I can't lose you again!"

"When will you marry me Mavis?" he demanded hoarsely.

"To-morrow if it can be arranged, or the next day" she said. "Another leap in the dark—and I don't care! Kiss me Steve. Now, I want to go back to Nesta."

. . . . . .

Joy lightened her steps as she climbed the stairs in the quiet house. She was trembling with excitement. At the top she paused with a quick breath. A line of light showed beneath the closed door of Nesta's room. Nesta was awake. She could talk to the child now. What could she say? How make her understand?

She tapped lightly. "It's Mother, Nesta, may I come in?"

"Yes," politely.

Mavis opened the door and stood a moment trying to collect her wits. Nesta, in blue pyjamas, was hunched under the silk quilt, the bedside light falling on her book. She looked very small and young. Her hair was a golden nimbus of lovely disorder, her eyes shadowed from long weeping. One could not link this wan child with the impassioned defiance of the social code which she had flung at Freddy and the world.

"Mother!" she said severely, but with a grin, "is it possible you are just coming in? Shocking! What are parents coming to?"

And then, as Mavis came slowly into the circle of light, she dropped her jibes. "Why, Mother, you're positively radiant! I've never seen you so lovely. You look about twenty."

In a flash Mavis knew the way of approach. Just the truth. No use trying to climb back on the pedestal.

She sat down on the bed and glowed. "Well, darling, there's a good reason. Daddy's come back."

"OH," Nesta cried, very low—a shrinking, hurt word.

"I've been out with him," Mavis drawled, not without an amused sense of the dramatic moment. "We've made it all up, Nesta! We've patched up our idiotic childish quarrel. We're crazy about each other, darling. I think — I'm sure we'll make a better go of it this time. Oh, Nesta darling, are you glad?"

The play of emotion across the young girl's face was an amazing, heart-breaking thing to see. Bewilderment, incredulous joy, and then a profound stirring of consciousness that must change all her days. A moment her gaze clung to her mother's before she crumpled into Mavis' arms and for the second time abandoned herself to wild tears. But not for long—and what different tears! They left no haggard trace when she drew back and dashed them away with childish gestures.

With light touch she stroked Mavis' transfigured face as if she had never quite seen it before, and smiled and drew quick breaths tangled with left-over sobs.

"It's so marvellous I can't quite believe it all, Mother."

In the hall a big clock chimed three. Nesta immediately became practical.

"Three o'clock, Mother! And to-morrow you are to be with Daddy again. You must have some sleep to look fresh and pretty."

Mavis kissed her. "Well, go to sleep, you darling little idiot!" She tucked the silken cover close about the trembling little figure. "You have a lot of important things to do to-morrow. You'll be sole guest, bridesmaid, give the bride away—" she stopped in wonder at the sudden grave, shining, far-away look that crept into Nesta's eyes.

"Mother, before you go, please set the alarm of my clock for seven."

"Seven? That's so early."

"Yes. There's something I have to do. I must phone somebody—as early as possible!"

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THE Movie World

COLOR CANDIDS

• "Who's late?" queries brunette Lynn Bari, whisking round the corner for a rendezvous with husband Walter Kane.

• Madcap Rosalind Russell with adoring husband, Freddie Brisson, at a Hollywood War Benefit show. Danish-born Freddie is in the U.S. Army now.

• Baritone Nelson Eddy gets robust if not tuneful support from British favorite Ronald Colman (left) and Roger Pryor (right) at a rehearsal for a War Benefit broadcast.

• It's a steal—of soft drink from Dick Powell by beautiful Mary Martin (left). Such things are likely to happen after a hard day's work on the set. Both Paramount singers and Broadway favorites, Mary and Dick are old friends.

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This is the... BEST FILM of the YEAR

1 IN WELSH VILLAGE, only one of six sons of miner Morgan (Crisp) who does not work in colliery is Huw (McDowall).

2 FIRST EXCITEMENT in Morgan family is marriage of son Ivor (Patric Knowles) to Bronwen (Anna Lee), who comes from nearby village and wins the youthful Huw's secret adoration by her beauty and charm.

3 SELFLESS minister Gruffydd (Pidgeon) loves Huw's sister (Maureen O'Hara), but renounces her because he is penniless.

4 QUARREL with father, who refuses to join newly-formed union, then makes four eldest sons leave home.

5 HIS GALLANT rescue of mother in gale seriously injures Huw, soon brings other sons home.

No More Coughing or Sleepless Nights

BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture certainly makes short work of these stubborn old hang-on coughs and colds, that no other cough remedy will budge, according to Mr. H. A. Allen. Mr. Allen says: "For years I suffered every winter with a terrible cough. I have had many sleepless nights and coughed until tears ran, and my stomach ached. I started again with the same old cough this year — but after a few doses of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture my cough was gone. You can't go wrong on Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada. One or two doses ends a stubborn cough and even the toughest old hang-on coughs leave for good in a day or two. At any chemist or store ***

AND ENDED

INDIGESTION

"I suffered with indigestion, wind and fullness after meals. I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder without any thought of relief, for I had tried so many things. That trial decided me to buy a tin. No one can realise the wonderful feeling of relief.

I took De Witt's regularly for a fortnight and then to prove its value I ate something that before would have given me hours of agony. I purposely avoided taking a dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder and suffered no ill results. I have never had the slightest pain since I started taking De Witt's Antacid Powder. Mrs. G. H.

This convincing "I KNOW—I proved it" spirit brings new hope to every sufferer. Mrs. G. H. tried so many things without relief that the effectiveness of De Witt's Antacid Powder came as a pleasant surprise.

Week by week, month by month, all through the year, reports are printed in the press giving you these convincing "I KNOW—I proved it" statements, telling how De Witt's Antacid Powder overcomes digestive trouble for other people. We honestly believe this remedy will give prompt relief and increasing benefit to every indigestion sufferer.

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6 UNHAPPINESS is followed by tragedy, for Bronwen is left widow when Ivor is killed in a mine disaster. Gruffydd and Morgan break the sad news to her.

Triple winner

BASED on the Richard Llewellyn best-selling novel, Twentieth Century-Fox's drama, "How Green Was My Valley," won the 1941 Academy Award as the best film of the year; its director, John Ford, was named the best director for his work on the film; while Donald Crisp won the best supporting actor award for his role of head of the Morgan family, with which the film deals.

Its story of conflict, romance, and tragedy in a Welsh coalmining town of sixty odd years ago features Walter Pidgeon as the village minister, Maureen O'Hara as the Morgan daughter, Anna Lee as the soon-widowed daughter-in-law.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

7 HUW now goes to live at Bronwen's house, working to support her.

Explains How Enlarged Veins Can be Reduced

Oftentime Veins Burst and Cause Much Suffering, Expense and Loss of Employment

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Moone's Emerald Oil, which has brought much comfort to worried people all over the country, is one of the wonderful discoveries of recent years, and anyone who is disappointed can have their money refunded. Chemists sell lots of it under that guarantee ***

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Don't delay! Neglect is dangerous. Take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. They strengthen and regulate the kidneys and bladder, banish pain, and aid in ridding the system of harmful wastes and acid poisons. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today ***

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She nearly missed the banquet

SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH JOAN FONTAINE, ACADEMY AWARD WINNER FOR 1941

By VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

HAPPIEST girl in Hollywood to-day is shy, attractive Joan Fontaine, recent winner of the Best Actress Academy Award for 1941 for her work in RKO's "Suspicion."

A few days after the awards were made, I decided to ask Joan just how she felt about winning this coveted honor. I headed for Warners' studio, where Joan is now working on "The Constant Nymph."

I rather expected to find a languid lady lolling in her dressing-room accepting congratulations, but, instead, I found myself tramping over a rural farmyard set, where I was informed Joan was acting in a hayloft.

Cows and chickens wandered outside a Swiss farmhouse, picturesque against a background of towering, snowcapped alps. The entire scene was roofed over by a sound stage.

I marvelled at the ingenuity of these movie-makers as I crawled into the hayloft. There I found Joan in a simple cotton frock and tattered tennis shoes. She wore no stockings and no make-up.

As we are old friends, I cut out the preliminaries, and straight away asked her about her reactions on winning the Academy Award.

Joan replied that it seemed an unbelievable chance that she had won. She had, in fact, decided to forgo the presentation dinner as she was very tired after her work on "The Constant Nymph" set.

It was her sister, Olivia de Havilland, who persuaded her to change her mind.

I commented on the lovely dinner dress which Joan wore to the dinner. She replied that the compliment was really due to Olivia, who tirelessly toured the shops searching for just the right dress for Joan to wear. Olivia finally selected a lovely black lace gown, which she rushed to the studio and modelled herself for Joan's inspection.

Later, Olivia helped her sister dress, and speeded her on her way to the banquet.

Joan confided that she was completely overcome when Ginger Rogers (last year's Academy winner) presented the award to her, while the news cameras flicked.

Joan cried from sheer happiness, but, finding she had no handkerchief, was forced to sniff surreptitiously until Olivia passed her a hankie under the table.

I was most amused at Joan's account of her mother, who, after the banquet, put a long-distance call through to congratulate her daughter on winning "that thing, whatever it is."

Sisters Joan and Olivia are at present sharing a dressing-room at Warners—Olivia is playing in "It Takes Our Life." Both are hoping to work together soon in "Devotion," a biography of the Brontes, but Joan is scheduled to make "Jane Eyre," co-starring with Ronald Colman, as soon as she has finished "The Constant Nymph."

The affection that exists between the sisters often puzzles their friends. Both girls are impulsive and excitable, but there the resemblance ends.

"We quarrel often," Joan admitted, "and sometimes we don't speak to each other for days. But we are both miserable until the tension is broken. We are really great pals—and I know Olivia was even more thrilled than I was over my Academy win."

At the end of the interview I stood up, brushed the straw off my skirt, and said: "Well, you had a hard struggle to the top, but look where you wound up."

Joan chuckled: "You mean wound up emoting in a hayloft."

● *Piquant Joan Fontaine, named Best Actress of 1941 for her work in "Suspicion." Her next films are "This Above All" and "The Constant Nymph."*

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Mickey and the Beauty Queen

CECILY said sweetly: "Polo in Hawaii. The Army and Navy Club in Manila on New Year's Eve. That sort of thing."

"Bless my soul," said the Colonel, "why?"

"Glamorous background for my build-up as Beauty Queen. The other candidates are from small towns mostly. Dave's sure it will pull a lot of votes. Legends always spring up about actresses and prominent beauties." She turned back to Mickey. "That's why I've been so hard on you lately, Duck: about your eating candy bars in the University library and wearing flat heels and sweaters to sorority house dinners. It isn't that I care; but Dave says those things destroy the legend."

"Oh you . . ." said Mickey.

"Mickey!" roared the Colonel.

"Aren't you forgetting the big event of the social year?" asked Mickey. "The Military Ball. I hear co-eds bleed and die to be asked to it. McGraw can't help you there."

Cecily bestowed a pitying smile upon her as if she would never be a bright child. "It's usual for the Military Club's sponsor to ask the Beauty Queen to lead the grand march with him. Bob Winston is sponsor this year."

"You'll have to pour a lot more honey in his ear than you've been doing lately, to cinch that."

"One thing at a time, darling."

Mickey suddenly understood. She'd work old Dave until the Beauty Queen contest was in the bag, then she'd switch ends like an unbroken colt and begin giving Bob the honey bunny boo. He was a grand guy but he'd probably fall for it too—the big boob. Couldn't Dad see what she was doing? If he knew one-tenth as much about women as he did about horses and guns he'd catch on to the way she dealt her cards—from the bottom of the deck. Mickey attacked her Boston cream pie as if it were an enemy to be vanquished.

The lights changed in Cecily's eyes but her voice was smooth. "Will you write the articles?"

"No," said Mickey, "I won't!"

There was a long silence while the Colonel and Mickey ate their dessert. Then Cecily said, "Have you told her about Night Flight, Dad?"

Mickey flashed her a quick look of suspicion. Her backbone tingled with alarm. "What about Night Flight?"

The Colonel cleared his throat and looked sternly at Mickey as if to intimidate her in advance. "It seems to be important for your sister to win this beauty prize or contest—or whatever it is."

"Night Flight doesn't have a vote," Mickey reminded him.

"I'm coming to that." He ruffled his bushy brows in annoyance. "This young McGinnis that's—that's——"

"McGraw—that's building up the legend," supplied Mickey.

"Exactly! He thinks Cecily should win the jumping events in the University Horse Show. Spectacular! Makes for color and er—you see?"

"No," said Mickey.

"Well, you do see that she can't win with you competing on Night Flight, don't you?"

Mickey pushed her chair away from the table. She couldn't believe her ears. Her own father pulling a scurvy, scaly trick like this on her. Her big green eyes glittered dangerously. "Do you mean to tell me you're snatching the horse I've broken and trained, all by myself, away from me?"

"Only for this show, Mickey. Now don't be mule-headed about it. It's like Cecily says. You've got three more years to show him. This is her last chance."

"She doesn't care anything about him," Mickey burst out passionately. "She's only doing it to get her picture in the papers. She'd only be jumping him for publicity—I love him and he loves me. And he's mine—every bit mine. Don't take him away from me now—on his very first show!"

The Colonel looked half embarrassed, half apoplectic. He shot his cuffs as if he had a bee up his sleeve and ran a handkerchief inside his collar band.

"Oh, don't be so dramatic," Cecily drawled.

Continued from page 3

Mickey sprang out of her chair. She felt like bawling, so she took refuge from tears in a tantrum. "You Dracula! You—Lady Macbeth! I'll get even with you. See if I don't." She picked up an empty plate from the table. She didn't really intend to crown her with it, but the Colonel was taking no chances. He pulled himself out of his chair ominously. Mickey ran swiftly out of the room, up the stairs into her bedroom.

The next afternoon Mickey was down at the stables in time to put the finishing touches on Night Flight's grooming. For some unaccountable reason she had taken a lot of pains with her dressing. She wore a new grey-green tweed and a hat to match, and she almost never wore a hat. She'd even powdered her nose and filched some lipstick from Cecily's vanity. She told one of the soldiers to run the oiled rag once more over Night Flight's shining coat. Jumping events were coming up. Horses and soldiers and riders were stirring up the dust around the temporary picket line.

Mickey was engrossed with her upstanding gelding. She checked his jumping bridle, then took up a notch in the cinch strap. Her eyes fell on a pair of black boots with dress spurs. Silently she let the saddle flap fall and stood back to watch Cecily adjust the snowy whiteness of her stock, pick up the reins and mount. The big horse turned his head and looked at her as if to say, "Who are you on my back?"

Just before they moved off, Mickey spoke in a tight, hard voice. "He jumps on a loose rein. Don't put him up on the bit to make him look showy in front of the judges or you'll get into trouble. He knows what he's supposed to do. You're just a passenger."

"I jumped ponies when you were still in a high chair," Cecily reminded her.

"You should have stuck to them," said Mickey. She scratched the white star on Night Flight's forehead and nimbly jumped out of the way when Cecily applied her spurs.

MICKEY had to admit the combination was effective. Cecily's formal black habit matched her mount. Her smartly waved fair hair barely showed under the severe line of the derby. Both horse and rider were smooth, sophisticated, streamlined. She sat the gleaming hunter with the calm assurance of perfect showmanship. Mickey had to hand it to her.

Impatiently Mickey hung over the barrier watching the jumpers line up. It was like Cecily, she reflected, to jockey herself into last position so she could make the final impression on the judges. As if she needed to. When she finally rode into the show ring, slick and shiny as patent leather, Mickey could stand the pressure no longer. She pulled off her new hat and twisted it into a roll.

They were coming into the wings. "Give him his head," breathed Mickey. She did. They were up and over like a breeze. After all, horses were in Cecily's blood and bones whether she admitted it or not. The same way, in nice cadence and perfect form, they sailed over the post and rails and over the gate. It was when they came down the last stretch to the stone wall that Mickey yelled, "Don't let him rush it! He's going too fast!" They were coming into the wings, hoofs pounding the turf with incredible speed.

Too late to circle now. Mickey closed her eyes for an instant, opening them immediately. She expected to see that Night Flight had crashed the wall. But no. He'd taken off straight up in the air. He'd got in too close but had saved himself and was clearing the jump with inches to spare.

Somehow Cecily hung to her precarious seat without pulling leather, and settled back into the saddle on the landing. The crowd's noisy approval wasn't needed to help the judges decide. Cecily couldn't lose for winning! At least Night Flight was safe! Mickey put her head on her hands and let herself go in a good shudder.

"You're Cecily's kid sister, aren't you?"

Mickey raised surprised eyes to David McGraw's bespectacled ones. His straw-colored thatch stood out from his head—at cross purposes. "I've been watching you," he said. "Don't believe I've ever seen you out of riding breeches before. How's about a date for the student council dance to-night?"

"What's the matter?" asked Mickey. "Cecily show you a pair of fast heels?"

McGraw laughed approvingly. "The babe's got fire! Confidentially, the troops from Fort Dodge did move in on me. I got stood up for one Lieutenant Winston."

So that was it! Cecily had decided it was time to mend her fences with Bob if she wanted his bid to the Military Ball. She must be gosh awful sure of the Beauty Queen award. Mickey looked over at the show ring once more. The photographers surrounded Cecily, who was taking the cup from the judges. Another was trying to fasten the blue ribbon on the bridle. Night Flight was tossing his superb head as if he liked nothing about the procedure and was a stranger there himself.

Resentment flooded Mickey in a new wave but it washed to the surface an idea. Here was her chance. McGraw was important! All the girls angled for dates with him—and he'd just asked her. This must have been why she dressed up to-day. Cecily had muscled in on her game, why shouldn't she move into Cecily's field? "I can't shoot the goal myself," she thought, "but maybe I can ride her off."

"How about it, redhead?" Dave was saying. "Do I launch you socially this evening?"

Mickey thought of trying to bat her eyes like she had seen Cecily do, but grinned at him instead. "Okay. I'll have to work fast to be ready by nine to-night though."

She cut across the campus toward home. Hearing someone call her name, she turned around to see Bob Winston coming after her with great strides. There was a puzzled look on his square tanned face.

"How come you didn't jump in the show?" he demanded. "I thought you must be hurt when Cecily rode Night Flight into the ring. And what's the idea of that cockeyed formation back there?" He nodded to the photographers.

Mickey didn't look up. She smoothed out the wrinkles from the hat she'd crushed into a ball, trying to think up an answer. After all, there were some things you just couldn't tell, no matter how sore you got.

"Oh I—I ate too much last night, I guess. She was pinch hitting for me."

"I see," he said slowly, very much as if he didn't see at all. "All right now? I can take you home soon as I help judge the polo bending."

"No, thanks," she said hurriedly, walking backwards away from him. "I've got an appointment at the beauty parlor." She turned and started to run.

"Where?" he called after her.

After phoning three different shops, Mickey finally persuaded an operator to give her the works. She took a hot shower, leaving the bathroom in a cloud of Cecily's best powder, laid out everything on the bed and told Nellie she wouldn't be back for dinner. Two hours later she emerged from "Elizabeth's" with her rebellious curls tamed into smooth waves off her forehead and ears. The golden tips of her long lashes had been darkened, her fingernails shaped and tinted the same shade as the cupid's bow that camouflaged her generous mouth.

When she got home Cecily had already gone to the dance. She took from its folds of tissue the new evening dress her aunt had sent from Washington for her birthday and slipped it over her head. It was white with tiny puffed sleeves, a tight bodice that accentuated her slender waist and a skirt so full its soft folds might have stood alone. Decidedly ingenue. But it would have to do. She looked long and earnestly at herself in the mirror. "You aren't Mickey to-night," she whispered, "so remember: drip glamor!"

Please turn to page 18

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THE Australian Women's Weekly took these natural color pictures of a W.A.A.A.F. training camp, where some of the 2000 women now enlisted in the service are being trained as cooks, butchers, storekeepers, clerks, motor-drivers and radio operators.

HEAD OVER HEELS. Somersaults are part of the daily dozen in the Waaafs' physical training. They wear smart "rookie" suits.

RESOLUTION—IN OVERALLS. "They do a man's job with a woman's skill," said an R.A.A.F. officer of the girls who have taken over jobs to release men for fighting.

THE WEAKER SEX? The Waaafs are becoming proficient in jiu-jitsu, as both a defensive and a physical training measure. The instructor says girls are apt pupils in the art.

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VICTORY DRIVE. The girls drive all types of vehicles, including heavy supply lorries. They learn to do running repairs.

MEET THE BUTCHER. Women have been trained as butchers by experts who teach them how to cut up carcases, make brines, smoke hams, and make sausages.

SHOULDERS TO THE WHEEL. These smiling Waaafs don't wait for a chivalrous male to change the wheel, but get on with the job themselves.

COME ON IN. Waaafs off-duty during recreation hour take a dip in the training school pool after a busy day.

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Mickey and the Beauty Queen

Continued from page 15

THE doorbell rang. She snatched up the green and gold mandarin coat her father had bought her in China. "Here goes nothing," she thought. When Dave McGraw saw her on the staircase, he fell against the wall in mock faint. Then he shaded his eyes from the splendor. "This can't be my little stirrup cup."

Mickey let her fingertips brush the rail in exaggerated imitation of Cecily. "I'm supposed to be drifting down—like a pear blossom on an April breeze," she said.

He drew her hand through his arm when she reached the bottom step. "Baby, you'll stagger the stags! We make history tonight."

Mickey came near calling all bets off when they entered the Union ballroom and she saw Cecily surrounded by a cross section of the male student body. Her sister was wearing a sophisticated black. Dad must have been wearing blinders to let her get out of the house in that one. The late entrance was intentional and Mickey was conscious of turning heads. The music began and Dave put an arm around her. "This is no different from a post hop," she told herself sternly as she fell into step with Dave. "It'll put iron in your soul." But she was frightened just the same.

"Say," Dave whispered in her ear, "you're a plenty smooth dancer."

"I'm as weak as a waterlily," she whispered back. The stag line discovered Mickey. And Mickey discovered something, too. She didn't have to drip glamor. Her first shyness went over so big, she capitalised on it. Made her partners feel man-of-the-worldish.

Every time she passed Cecily she smiled a sweet little sister smile that she knew infuriated her. When she danced by Bob she looked the other way. He's wise to the routine, she decided, and he thinks I'm a rotten sport. How could he know that if ever she was to have peace at home again she'd have to trounce Cecily first.

Her big moment came at intermission. They joined Cecily and Bob at a table in the cafeteria where soft drinks were served. Dave was doing beautifully. He acted as if she were the beat of his heart, and the butterfly in his brain. Cecily looked thoughtful trying to get the picture. Bob was completely silent. Presently Dave drew a card from his pocket. "Here, moonbeam," he said, "sign it."

"What is it?"

"Nothing contagious. Just an entrance blank for the Beauty Queen contest. Cecily here is a Delta entry. You're ours! Make nice copy, don't you think?" he said to Bob. "Sister against sister. Blonde against redhead. Give spice to the race."

Cecily was pale. Bob's look said plain as day, "You've got the ethics of an alley cat."

"Lend me a pencil, Dave," Mickey said. "I'm a pushover for signing on dotted lines."

The starch had gone out of the evening though. Cecily, realising her miscue by coming to the dance with Bob before the contest, was unlimbering a fancy battery of tricks on Dave. At any time now he'd be falling head over tin cups for it. She knew her sister. Before her own success turned sour, she must get away. Just then Bob broke in. After a few steps he commented dryly, "Nice action, and good conformation—for a filly."

"Be a pal, Bob," she pleaded. "I have to 'git for home Bruno' before midnight or your C.O. will be breaking practically his last bloodvessel. Would you take me? And explain it to Dave?"

Bob piloted her out of there so fast her heart dropped to her slippers. He needn't show how anxious he was to get rid of her. His manners were fierce. He must be even battier than she thought about Cecily. He broke campus speed records getting her into the home drive and up the porch steps. He fitted the key in the door, then turned to her.

"Haven't you had yourself a time to-night, Cinderella?" he said clamping his hands down hard on her shoulders. The light through the door glass outlined the harsh angle of his jaw. This wasn't the Bob she knew. He was different, somehow. His eyes narrowed, strange and stern. He gave her a little shake. Then, unaccountably, she was in his arms. He kissed her, then ran down the steps and slammed into his car.

"Well, I'll be darned," she said softly. "I'll be double, triple darned!"

By the next morning, however, she had it all added up correctly. And she didn't like the answer. She had tried to play Cecily's game without knowing the rules. So Bob had given her an idea of what a dumbjohn she was. In effect, it was like telling her, "Better string along with horses. You can handle 'em better."

But she had already socked the ball down the field, and she'd have to play out the chukker. She stayed clear away from the stables and worried about Night Flight in telephone conversations with the stable sergeant. She was in this thing up to her neck and she'd hold on till after the beauty contest, if it killed her. And it probably would. Where Cecily spellbound her victims with wit and languorous boredom, Mickey let them spellbind themselves by asking a few personal questions at just the right moment. Then she would look big-eyed and think about something else, while they drooled on about themselves. It wasn't her idea of fun. But she had to settle Cecily's hash.

Animal Antics

"Elsa is really serious about getting a husband!"

Her many dates ran her ragged.

Coming down to lunch on the day of the contest, she overheard Cecily complaining to her father. She hesitated at the foot of the stairs.

"It's disgraceful the way she runs around. You should have kept her away at school another year. She's too young for the University. What's more, Dad, you should make her drop out of this Beauty Queen race. It's making us all ridiculous."

Mickey held her breath. The Colonel coughed his usual preamble. "It seems to me, young lady, that you've been complaining a great deal about Mickey."

"Michele."

"Don't correct me!" he shouted. "Don't interrupt me, either! I let you take Night Flight away from her to further your own ambitions, because for some crazy reason you soft-talked me into it. I've been doing a tall lot of thinking about you two lately. My conclusions are none of your business!"

"But, Dad—" protested Cecily.

"Shut up. I haven't finished," he bellowed. "Mickey's mad. And Mickey's like me—slow to anger! But now that her dander's up, she's going to do something about it. She's out to beat you at your own game. And I say, more power to her! Now eat your food. I want nothing more from you but silence."

Mickey hugged herself with delight. The old boy was in stride again. "Hello," she chirruped brightly, and noticed how the subdued Cecily eyed her blue heather skirt and soft cream sweater.

"When does this infernal prize fight take place?" the Colonel demanded.

"This afternoon at four. Assembly Hall. Coming, William Henry?"

"Heck's fire, no! I just want to know when I can expect to come in my own house without eternally falling over the young pups that clutter up the place."

The hall was filling with students when Mickey drove Dave to the side entrance. Several of the candidates were slipping in the stage door. They were groomed like mannequins or show girls. Dave explained carefully that the girls were to come on one at a time. He would introduce them. They were to smile, acknowledge the applause, walk clear across the stage and exit on the opposite side.

"The crown's in the box, baby," he said, "and it's got your name on it. Or it will have when they take a gander at that outfit you're wearing."

Dave was about to leap from the running-board. "Look," he pointed. "There's sister now with Bit and Bridoon." He turned back to her. "By the way, when you lead that grand march at the Military Ball, don't forget it was old Dave who got the cumshaw for you. I'll be around to collect a flock of dates. Be seeing you." He swung off.

Mickey waited a moment before hunting a parking place. Cecily, with Bob's hand at her elbow, was walking slowly toward the side entrance. At the door she turned and looked up at him wide eyed, tremulous, putting two hands up on the lapels of his uniform. He was covering them with his. You could see he was wishing her luck. You could see he was in love with her. It meant more to him than she had realised. Great Mexican jumping beans! What was she, Mickey, doing mixed up in this crazy formation?

She shot away from the kerb and made for home.

Once inside her room, high heels and gardenias sailed through the air in opposite directions. She burrowed feverishly in the bottom of her closet. When she got back to the Assembly Hall, she was just in time to hear the thundering applause that followed Cecily's appearance and to hear her own name called.

Defiantly, hands shoved deep in her pockets, she strode on stage. She could hear the first gasp of surprise when they saw her dirty polo breeches, the mad disorder of her red mop, the soiled polo shirt and the dusty boots.

Dave's jaw dropped. For once, he was at loss for words. "Folks," he announced helplessly, "this—this is Mickey!"

The students broke into a roar of laughter mixed with hoots of mirth and good-natured catcalls and clapping. Mickey stalked off stage, her face burning like a prairie fire. Now Cecily could be a darned old beauty queen. She could have the world handed to her on a silver spoon—with Bob Winston thrown in for good measure. She was furious at the beads of moisture that were forming on her lashes so that she couldn't see the campus crosswalk.

She angrily drew her sleeve across her eyes and ran smack into Bob. He must have come out the front door and around the hall. He pinned her arms close to her sides and gazed deep in her eyes for a long moment.

"You're a square shooter, Mickey," he said at last. "I like square shooters better than synthetic sirens!" He spun her around and steered her to his roadster. "Before I forget it," he said, turning the key in the ignition, "will you wear the demure white evening dress if I ask you to lead the grand march with me at the Military Ball?"

"But—but Cecily won," she stammered. "You have to ask the Beauty Queen. It's kind of a tradition."

"Then I'm breaking the tradition." His grey eyes laughed down at her. "Besides you're my beauty queen. Where to, Queenie?"

"The stables—I have to explain things to Night Flight!" The gurgle of happiness in her throat sounded like water in a stopped-up sink. "What are you coming here for?" she asked as he parked in front of the Varsity drug store.

"To complete your costume." He honked for service. The kerb hop appeared. "One double chocolate ice cream cone!" he said.

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Lovely linens for your dining-room

. . . and your dressing-table

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

HERE'S a new and fascinating conventional design traced on beautiful linen in readiness for your needle.

As you can see for yourself the embroidery will be easy enough for the girl of twelve to do, but the effect when completed is surprisingly lovely.

The design is worked in buttonhole, satin-stitch, and eyelets or french knots.

You can buy a set of three mats for your dressing-table from our Needlework Department, or a set for your dining-room, or a set of place mats for your dinner-table. Or you can buy a few and use them as d'oyleys.

The design is traced on heavy cream linen; also on sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green.

Here are sizes and prices.

The centre mat measures 17 x 17 inches, and the smaller mats 8 x 8 inches; a 12 x 12-inch mat is also obtainable.

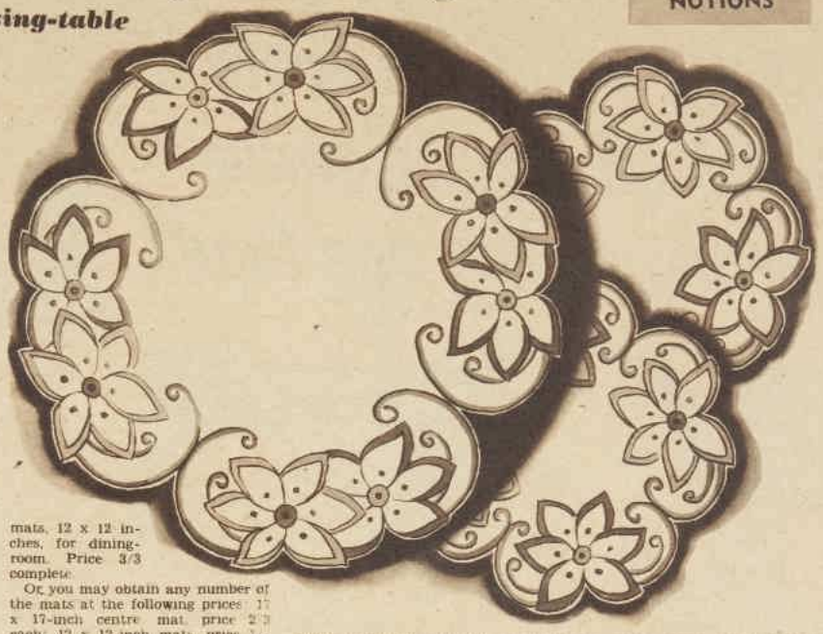
Set comprising centre and two mats, 8 x 8 inches, for a duchesse set. Price 2/9 complete.

Set comprising centre and two mats, 12 x 12 inches, for dining-room. Price 3/3 complete.

Or you may obtain any number of the mats at the following prices: 17 x 17-inch centre mat, price 2/3 each; 12 x 12-inch mats, price 1/- each; 8 x 8-inch mats, price 10d. each.

Please add 3½d. for postage.

Stranded cottons in all shades may also be obtained. Price 4d. per skein.



THIS exquisitely-designed set will bring color, charm and freshness to your dining-table or dressing-table at very little cost. The sets or individual mats are obtainable from our Needlework Department in heavy cream linen, also in white and pastel-toned sheer linen. See prices and sizes at left. Make your choice and send for a set.

208

THIS lovely frock has been designed for 2 to 8-year-olds, and may be had with the pattern traced on to material for cutting out and making up. Complete details concerning prices at right.

Cosy charm for your little girl

FOR special occasions what could be nicer than this beautifully-cut frock with its pretty touches of simple hand embroidery?

It comes to you in a very good quality wool crepe with the pattern clearly marked on the material ready for cutting out and making up. Colors available are cream, blue, and pink—lovely shades.

You may also obtain the ready-to-cut-and-make frock in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green linora.

To fit children 2 to 4 years, wool crepe 9/6; linora 3/11.

To fit girls 4 to 6 years, wool crepe 10/3; linora 4/11.

To fit 6 to 8-year-olds, wool crepe 12/6; linora 6/3.

Please add 6½d. for postage.

Or paper pattern only. Price 1/4. Embroidery transfer, price 1/6 extra. It is not necessary to order paper patterns or transfers when ordering material.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 588A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 489F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 183C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.

KEEPS HER

A clear skin and bright, sparkl are signs of radiant health. suffer from constipation take on NYAL FIGSEN TABLETS retiring; no nausea, no gripe In the morning the action of F mild, gentle, sure. NYAL F helps to restore a normal bowe without forming a habit. Equal for young and old. Figsen is sa 10d., dependable. NYAL FA MEDICINES. Sold by chemists wher 1/31

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Asthma and Bronchitis poison your run your health, and weaken you Mendaco, the prescription of an A physicians, starts relieving Asthma minutes, and builds new vitality you can sleep soundly all night, ea thing and enjoy life. Mendaco is s cessful that it is guaranteed to gi free, easy breathing in 24 hours, a satisfy completely or money back turn of empty package. Get 3 from your The Z.M.A.P. protects you

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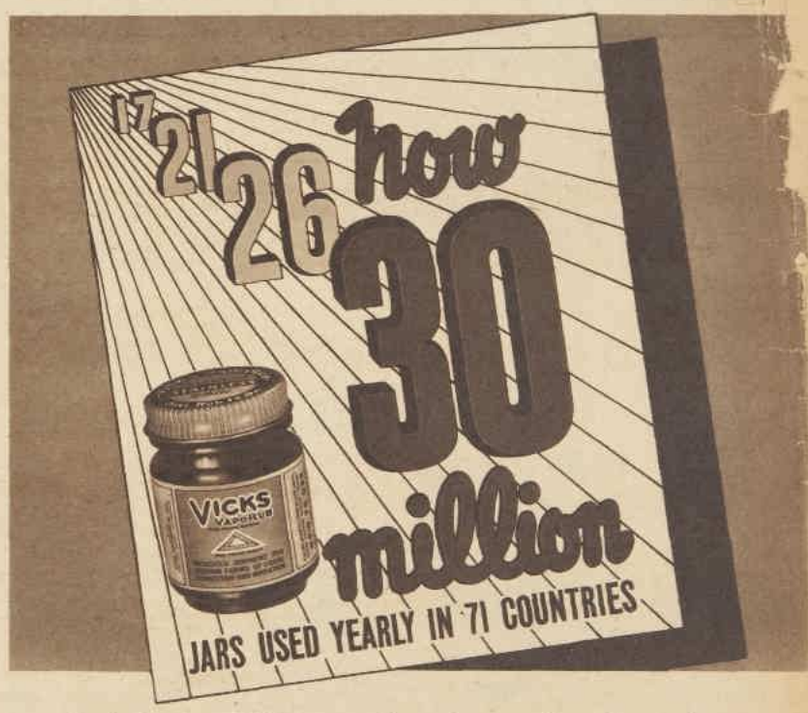

Isn't it time YOU, too, found out why this safe, external treatment ends colds quicker?

What Is So Different about Vicks VapoRub? Why are new millions of mothers changing to it for children's colds? What is its secret of ending colds quicker?

The Secret is this: VapoRub doesn't relieve just *one* part of a cold. When simply rubbed on, it helps nose, throat, and chest *all at the same time!*

ITS VAPOURS, healing and soothing, are breathed in and clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, relieve coughing. Meanwhile . . .

LIKE A POULTICE, VapoRub warms the chest and throat, "loosens" painful tightness.

All This without any fussing, without any risk of stomach upsets, for you simply *rub* VapoRub on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. The child sleeps in comfort—and when he wakes, the worst of the cold is usually over.

Is It Any Wonder that mothers like you—in 71 countries—use over 30 million jars of VapoRub every year?

Highbury.

Beauty...

KEEPS THE BANNERS OF COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE FLYING

By day, and by night, cherish your beauty. For the knowledge of attractiveness is your priceless asset — to give confidence for high endeavour—to bring courage and serenity in these times of stress. To make sure of your beauty care, choose Paul Duval Personalised Cosmetics.

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PERSONALISED COSMETICS

At Smart Chemists — Exclusive Stores

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What a treat! Delicious taste and health-giving vitamins both together in the one food!

21 Taste-good Do-good Products

Order these from your grocer:—

AND:

- Gluten Meal
- Nut Cheese
- Gluten Biscuits
- Nut Meat
- [illegible] Beans
- Grainut
- Protose
- Diabetic Meal
- Diabetic Rolls
- Soya Beans

Safeguard your family's health

help build their resistance to disease

No-one can be their best unless they receive a certain quota of vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates and mineral salts each day. *Unfortunately, many of the foods we eat nowadays are so refined they are completely denatured and robbed of most of these health-giving properties.*

Not so with Sanitarium Health Food Products. Every nut, every grain of wheat, every ear of corn—in fact, every ingredient that goes into the preparation of a Sanitarium Health Food is checked and chosen with infinite care to be sure it is only the very best. Next, with the help of a special exclusive process, each food is tenderly nurtured through stages of cooking, baking, etc., then packed in readiness to go to your grocer.

When you open a tin, jar or packet of Sanitarium Health Food in your home you find—a product that still has INTACT as many of the original vitamins, proteins and other goodness that it is possible for science to retain. Sanitarium Health Foods are tempting, tasty and appetizing — and favourites with both young and old. *Give your family the benefit of this extra food-value. No extra strain on your budget!*

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

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AT ST. CANICE'S. L.a.c. Noel Westcott and bride Helen Burfitt. Mrs. Murray Edwards (right) matron of honor, Mary McTiernan bridesmaid, Corporal Paul Lawrence best man, and Private John McQuillan groomsman.

FATHER takes daughter to lunch. Mr. W. Scott Stevenson with Jill at Prince's. Jill is member of University V.A.D.

AT CATTLE SHOW. Thora Killen, of Mumbil, admires father's prize-winning exhibit, Roan Monarch. Cousin David Patterson accompanies her.

AT GLACIARIUM. Mrs. John Kirk ties laces of skating boots for sister, Mrs. Charles Croucher. Both are expert skaters. Mrs. Kirk is wife of Padre Kirk, at present "somewhere in country" with army.

Intimate JOTTINGS

WEND my way to Rosehill for Easter race meeting.

Only racing enthusiasts bother to make long trek and meeting is far from being traditional fashion show . . . hardly one new frock do I see.

First person I meet is Doll Clayton. For first Easter for many years she has no horses racing . . . "Can't pay taxes and run horses, too," she explains.

Joan Roberts comes with her mother, Mrs. Wynne Roberts. Joan wears autumn suit . . . Airforce-blue tweed with sporty blue hat.

Pretty Joan Peacock provides contrast in white outfit. Accompanies mother, Mrs. Clifford Peacock, and sister Audrey.

Not surprised to see W. M. Gollan and his wife . . . they seldom miss a race meeting. Mrs. Gollan's frock of black tailored crepe is decidedly eye-taking. Adds white hat.

Marie Coen lunches at Hotel Australia before driving out.

New autumn suits for that good-looking pair of sisters, Doll Milligrove and Mrs. Billy Reynell . . . former wears wine-colored light wool with intriguing bonnet-shaped hat to tone.

Mrs. Reynell has pink-and-grey checked costume . . . tells me that she only just learns that her husband has escaped from Singapore . . . hears from Gavin Cobcroft that he meets Squadron-Leader Reynell in Batavia.

• • •

MRS. LYNN VICKERY, formerly Joyce Boynton, comes from Grong Grong to spend few days in Sydney . . . brings daughter Pamela, of course.

She and Lynn dine at Prince's with Mrs. Keith Phillips, Pamela Whippell, and Lieutenants B. McLeod and W. Carlson, of U.S. forces.

TO Theatre Royal for first night of "Claudia," play which achieves Broadway success.

Lots of well-known first-nighters in audience . . . Mrs. Edmund Playfair with family party comprising Mrs. Norman Robertson and Mr. and Mrs. Strath Playfair.

Lieut.-General Gordon Bennett and his wife are guests of the R. G. Gales.

Mrs. Gale comes from Bowral for Easter . . . she and schoolgirl daughter Pat have home there for duration. Pat is pupil at Annersley.

Also see Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Westcott.

RED CROSS DRIVER. Mrs. H. D. O'Connell, organiser of emergency transport for King George V Hospital, with Sister Olive Pratt, on way to attend patient.

YVONNE SELWIN, attractive helper at Anzac Buffet, enjoys a joke with an American staff-sergeant.

AT THE THEATRE. Gwen Howarth sees "Point Valaine" at Minerva with Captains Don Reece (left) and Rod Jackson, of the U.S. forces.

Heard Around TOWN

GREAT surprise for Mrs. Arthur Bowman when daughter Roslyn rings her at country home, Archerfield, Singleton . . . thinks she is still in Ceylon at 12th A.G.H. with rest of V.A.'s.

Ros unfortunately invalided home and departure is so prompt she has no time to cable family.

Stays in town to see her brother Arthur, who comes to Sydney from R.A.A.F. station in country.

Ros then makes for great open spaces, where she spends last of her ten days' leave.

• • •

MRS. RODNEY DANGAR hurries back from Melbourne to attend auction sale of pictures this Thursday for Red Cross.

She and her husband arrange sale to augment proceeds of Red Cross Fair this Saturday at Lady Gowrie Home.

Sale takes place at Macquarie Galleries at 1.30 . . . Max Lawson is auctioneer.

COCKTAIL party at Pickwick Club on April 16 to celebrate engagement of Ruth Pender and Captain Colin Donaldson.

Marriage takes place in few months' time.

Ruth, who is in W.A.A.A.F., wears lovely ring of square-cut sapphire set in diamonds . . . she is second daughter of the Culbert Penders, of Roseville.

LORD MAYOR Stanley Crick takes on new role when he is best man at wedding of Marjory Kirkpatrick and William Newton.

He and William are friends since school days in Tasmania.

St. Andrew's Church, Wahroonga, close to Crick home, Berith Park, where small reception is given, chosen for ceremony.

Bride's frock of white silk jersey is exquisitely draped.

"Something old" is cameo brooch set in pearls which belonged to her mother.

Niece Helen Hudson has bridesmaid's frock of pearl-grey, and chooses halo hat of petal-pink felt.

Herwald Kirkpatrick there to give his sister away . . . she is youngest daughter of late Mr. and Mrs. John Kirkpatrick, formerly of Logan-Brae, Bellevue Hill.

Bridegroom is eldest son of late Mr. and Mrs. William Newton, of Tasmania.

• • •

EASTER house party. Pat and Von Barry, of Strathfield, entertain at their home at Blackheath.

SYDNEY AVIATOR weds in Adelaide. Flying-Officer Ken Horn, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Horn, of Double Bay, and his bride, Rosemary Brooks, leaving Christ Church.

NEW resident at Canberra is Mrs. Kenneth McCook, formerly Shirley Van Lubeck, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Van Lubeck, of Mosman. She is staying at Braddon.

• • •

MARGOT CRAVEN is home again after flying visit to South Australia to see soldier husband, Howard.

Another Sydney girl visiting Adelaide is Rosemary Markell . . . goes to see fiance John Fowler, who returns from abroad.

Rosemary is guest of John's sister-in-law, Mrs. Bob Fowler, at her cottage at Highbury.

Betty

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Murder for Tea

Continued from page 4

"SHAWN," I said, "if Sergeant O'Connor comes here, and I've an idea that he will, what will I do? Tell him the whole story?"

"Whatever for?" he demanded. "Keep yourself a secret or two while you can—you never know when they'll come in useful."

"I'll have to tell them that he did come here," I said stubbornly.

"You won't need to," Shawn assured me. "They saw him."

I was right about the sergeant. He arrived about ten o'clock, blessedly while Aunt Lide was occupied with plans for lunch. I saw him alone—which was his idea. He was courteous but insistent.

"You don't know why he came to you?"

"Unless it was a desire for information that was denied him in his own home," I suggested.

"Sure that was all? Sure it wasn't something more than information—something easier to hold in your hand? A letter, for instance?"

"A letter?" I said in as blank a tone as possible. "I'm afraid I don't understand. Why do you say—'a letter'?"

There was suspicion in his eye. "Mrs. Robertson thought she saw Mrs. Phillips slip you something yesterday afternoon. She said it might 'a' been a letter. If Robertson came for that—"

"He didn't," I said and laughed a little. "You'll have to take my word for it, Sergeant O'Connor. There was no letter."

He shrugged but he looked disappointed.

"Okay," he said. "You oughta know!"

It occurred to me that I was entitled to a question of my own. I said, "Sergeant, I understand your men traced Mr. Robertson to this house last night. May I ask, if you wanted him so badly, why you didn't arrest him while you had the chance? Why did you let him escape?"

I swear the sergeant blushed.

"It was a dumb rookie detective we just got on the force," he said in a confidential tone. "He picked up this guy about ten last night and thinks he fits Robertson's description so he tags along. When he comes here he's sure. But he don't arrest him yet—he wants to see where he'll go next—"

"Did he find out?"

"Naw!" The sergeant sounded personally affronted. "He lost him on Meridian Avenue. That's the sort of game gives the police a black eye with guys like your husband!"

I really didn't pay much attention to that last. I was thinking of Meridian Avenue.

It is Nashiona's main business street. It also comprises, once you have gone beyond Eagle Street, one of the nicest of the Nashiona residential sections. Tom's own home was on Meridian Avenue. So, too, was his bank building, although I couldn't see that those facts added up to anything important. By his own statement he hadn't been going home, and it was scarcely logical that he'd go to the bank.

I looked at the sergeant. "What happened to him?"

The sergeant looked surprised. "Robertson? Looks like he skipped out, don't it?"

I said, "But why?" in a fierce tone and Sergeant O'Connor grinned.

"Lady, we don't know yet. But we're going to. Maybe after the bank examiners get here."

The implications of that nearly took me off my feet. I said, "You surely don't think he robbed his own bank? Why, that's silly!"

"He wouldn't be the first guy to rob his own bank," the sergeant said soberly. "Nor I'm betting the last."

"I thought it was a murder case you were investigating," I said hotly, but the sergeant only shrugged. "See here, Mrs. Cosgraeve, supposing a lady goes and gets murdered, like that Mrs. Phillips did yesterday, and there's a whole gang standing around at the time and one bird sort of speaks out and disappears, maybe you'd try to hunt him up, too, to find out what it was he knew?"

"And if he didn't know anything?"

"He must have or what'd he skip for?"

Which was, I was to learn later, very much Shawn's view of it, too.

It was a horrible day. Shortly after the sergeant left, Eve appeared to apologise for her accusations of the night before and to weep upon any convenient shoulder that offered itself.

"They think he must have stolen a car," she said wearily. "There were three stolen last night—and headed straight out of town. It's only thirty miles to the State line, you know, and there weren't any trains or buses after he left here and nobody chartered a plane—"

I said, "I don't think he ran away, Eve. He wouldn't go. Not without calling you."

She brightened at that.

"Do you think so? Then you didn't believe when the others told you he was in love with Chatty? Because it wasn't true, you know. He hated her—" Abruptly she put her hand across her mouth, stared at us out of wide frightened eyes. "I shouldn't have said that, should I?" she asked in a half whisper. "Not with Chatty dead."

"We have forgotten it," Shawn told her gently. "I promise you that."

She began to cry. "He loved me once—I know he did—and it wasn't Chatty took him away—it couldn't have been. Nobody ever loved Chatty."

Abruptly she went into business-like hysterics. It struck me, as I searched for ammonia and smelling salts, that one thing at least in her frantic denunciation had been significant. She had referred to Tom in the past tense. I said so to Shawn, who was tipping ice cubes from the trays into the sink. He grunted.

"To the best of my belief," the sergeant told Kit, "you were the last one to see Robertson alive."

For a reaction I didn't find the grunt quite satisfactory. I uncorked the ammonia bottle, sniffed it and then slowly replaced the cork before I said, not very seriously because I wasn't quite sure I believed it myself, "Suppose Tom didn't run away—suppose he's been murdered too!"

Ice cubes clattered in the sink. Shawn stared at me. "What made you say that?" he asked.

"I don't know," I told him. "Just thinking. There was something between Tom and Chatty. What if it really was more than business? What if it was an affair—and Eve knew about it? She did, because she just said there was nothing between them——"

"Good Lord!" Shawn said. "What reasoning!"

"No—wait. If Eve," I was groping my way now, "killed Chatty and Tom knew it—he might have gone home last night, the police could be wrong—and they quarrelled and Eve killed him too . . ."

"Disposing of the body and it weighing more than two hundred pounds and her the size she is — I think not," Shawn said.

Nor did I, once I had considered the matter.

Eve left after an interval of darkened rooms and handkerchiefs dipped in cologne, and sips of Aunt Lide's poor sherry. Shawn offered to drive her home, and while he was out fussing about the car she put her hand on my arm.

"Kit," she said, "you love him, don't you?"

"Shawn, you mean?" I laughed. It seemed to me that it was manifestly impossible not to love Shawn. "Of course I do."

"Then tell him so," she said in a quick queer voice. "Often. Don't ever let him believe that you don't care—don't let him go to—to other women for the sympathy and the understanding and the love he's a right to find under his own roof—in his own home."

She went away then. When Shawn came back, I said: "You're right. She'd never harm Tom. She loves him. I'm sorry for her."

Shawn nodded.

"It's a black business," he said with a sigh.

It was—blacker than we'd guessed. The papers came out that night with headlines about equally divided between "Prominent Society Matron Poisoned at Literary Tea" and "Police Seek Missing Banker."

I glanced at the headlines and threw the paper down, but Shawn read every word. He said: "They make the most of it—the papers," and I said: "Until the next sensation" and shuddered.

The next sensation came sooner than we'd expected. It came that very night. I don't know how late it was—I remember getting out of bed and going over to shake Shawn with all the time those nerve-racking cries of "extra" going on in the streets.

Shawn was on his feet almost as soon as his eyes were opened and fumbling for coins.

There were headlines again — headlines that ran in big black letters completely across the front page: "Robbery Complicates Murder Mystery. Bandits Blow Safe of Bethune Jewellery Company."

But, when you came right down to it, there wasn't so much information to be gained from that "extra." Summed up, it amounted to this:

The vault of the Bethune Jewellery Company, which occupied a full half of the lower floor of what was known as the Life Insurance Building, had been blown about eleven-thirty. It was near the time when the late shows of the various motion picture theatres were letting out, and there were a great many people on the streets.

A number of men standing at the front of the Oasis Bar, three doors west of the Jewellery Company, heard the dull thud of what they now realised must have been the explosion that wrecked the vault door, but at the time they had thought nothing of it.

No one, it appeared, had suspected anything until some minutes later when passers-by were jostled from the sidewalk in front of the Bethune jewellery store by two dark-clad men who jumped into a car which had been standing, engine purring, at the kerb. The speed of the car, which had at once roared eastward towards the viaduct, had piqued curiosity and then one of the bystanders had pointed out a dullish light in the back of the jewellery store where no one had remembered seeing a light before.

A hurried call was put in for the police and a second for John Phillips, the Bethune Company's manager. Mr. Phillips and the police, arriving at the scene at almost the same time, discovered that the lock of the front door had been forced and that, within, the vault stood open.

John Phillips had refused to guess at the loss, which he stated was fully covered by insurance. He expressed surprise that the alarm system, recently installed, had failed to function.

"Failed to function," Shawn quoted bitterly, and tossed the paper to the floor.

. . . . . .

Next morning I think every third person in Nashiona either called the house or came personally to get our reaction to this newest development in the Chatty Phillips murder. In common with the papers, Nashiona preferred so to consider the robbery. It made the whole thing more interesting.

I think it was about half-past eleven when Mrs. Spencer arrived. Goodness knows she's impressive enough at any time with her beautiful snow-white hair, but to-day she was more than impressive. It was obvious that she had been shaken to her depths, but she was not faltering.

She said in a tone which revealed a faint surprise, "I have just undergone an experience new to me— — I have had my fingerprints taken."

I saw Shawn's shoulders stiffen.

"The good sergeant, I presume!" he said softly.

Mrs. Spencer nodded. "It seemed useless to protest—"

"Oh, quite," Shawn said. "It's a waste of time on his part, I'm thinking. Whoever was clever enough to murder Mrs. Phillips in the face of a couple of hundred people has been clever enough to leave no traces behind him."

"Or her," Mrs. Spencer said. Her voice was faint but firm.

"Or her," Shawn repeated. He sounded thoughtful. "You think that poison is a woman's game?"

"I think," said Mrs. James Carnaveth Spencer, and her fingers were clenched tightly upon her bag handle, "that Chatty Phillips was hated only by women."

"I wonder," Shawn said softly, "if that's true." Mrs. Spencer said nothing and after a moment he went on, "By my understanding there've been men with scant reason to love her—" He paused on a wistful interrogative note.

But Mrs. Spencer rejected that bait. She said and her tone was a rebuke, "Mr. Cosgraeve, I make it a point never to listen to gossip."

"A pity," Shawn said recklessly, "considering what you miss."

It was then that Mrs. Spencer exploded her bombshell.

She wrapped it round in laborious and high-sounding speech, but the gist of it was that the Woman's Club had empowered her to request that Shawn should undertake a private investigation of the case.

To my amazement and consternation, I heard Shawn agreeing.

I wailed, "Shawn! Don't—you're insane! This whole thing's sheer swank on your part and you know it! How do you know the police will want you investigating——"

"Investigating what?" said a calm voice from the doorway. Sergeant O'Connor had arrived and Susie, Aunt Lide's moron of a maid, had shoved him in upon the rest of us without a word of warning.

I saw a grin curve Shawn's lip corners. He said: "Ah, Sergeant—the top of the morning to you."

The sergeant didn't reciprocate. He said "Good morning" quite formally, and then, "What was it you were investigating if I might inquire?"

Shawn didn't get a chance to explain. Mrs. Spencer took over. She said ponderously: "The Woman's Club have requested that Mr. Cosgraeve represent them in the matter of Mrs. Phillips' death. Any—er—information he may obtain he will, of course, share with the police and in turn upon your part we shall expect the fullest co-operation with Mr. Cosgraeve. Mrs. Elliott has assured us that she felt the police department would be delighted."

To anyone versed in the political labyrinths of Nashiona that last was pure dynamite. Because the spoils system division of the Nashiona city departments leave the police under the direct and unquestioned supervision of the Mayor and since Mrs. Elliott was the Mayor's wife——

SERGEANT O'CONNOR'S face was a sight to behold. You could fairly see him chewing it all over—weighing a possible insult to his Mayor's wife against the unmitigated horror that was certain to be his police chief's. He said cautiously: "Mrs. Phillips' murder, ma'am? Would you be wanting him to look into Mr. Robertson's, too?"

It took a second for that to percolate our brains. Then Aunt Lide uttered a little moan. I covered my eyes then—I knew I'd heard aright—and Shawn said softly in that deadly clear voice of his, "Robertson? You mean that he's dead—too?"

The sergeant nodded heavily.

"Yes," he said, "he's dead enough with them fishing him out of the water at the foot of River Street not twenty minutes since."

Shawn told me that he went cold himself then. It was as though he knew why the sergeant were there. He said, "But what do you want here—"

The sergeant fixed him with a mild and contemplative eye.

"I've a question or two for your wife to answer," he said. "Because in the pocket of his coat we found this and I'm thinking she knows somewhat of it!"

With an awkward movement he dug his right hand out of his overcoat pocket and held it out.

I felt my eyes dilating as I looked. There in his palm, its white papers water-soaked and stained, was the replica of the wretched package that Chatty had given to me the day before.

Mrs. Spencer said, "Katherine, my dear!" in a shocked protesting voice.

Sergeant O'Connor was leaning forward. "Are you quite sure, Mrs. Cosgraeve," he demanded, "that this isn't the package you gave Robertson the night of Mrs. Phillips' murder?"

If the question was in the nature of a trap, it worked nicely. Before I thought, I blurted out, "But I couldn't give it to him. I didn't have it then—it had been—"

"Stolen" was on the tip of my tongue, but Shawn stopped me. He said, "Wait a minute," and his eyes were hard and cold. "May I ask if you've any reason for connecting my wife with that package other than the maunderings of a jealous woman?"

Please turn to page 26

Versatile Lou Vernon

Character actor to be producer

After a number of years of free-lancing Lou Vernon, one of Australia's greatest character actors, has rejoined the Macquarie radio network, which means that in future he will be heard regularly on 2GB and associated stations.

MOST listeners know Lou Vernon as an actor, but in his new job he will also be given scope for his talents as a producer.

It is now ten years since Lou Vernon made his last important stage appearance. That was in "Music in the Air." Since then, with the exception of a couple of appearances in local films, he has devoted all his time to radio acting. In those ten years he must have played at least 1000 different roles.

Perhaps the most outstanding is that lovable old country practitioner, Doctor Mac. So real has Doctor Mac become to many listeners that Lou Vernon has received presents addressed to Doctor Mac himself. Typical of these was a hand-knitted scarf, with a note suggesting that it would help to keep the cold out when Doctor Mac was called out on an errand of mercy and had to drive his old "flivver" through the bush at nights.

Lou Vernon is probably one of the few radio actors who have no hankerings to return to the stage. He gives two reasons for this. The first is that radio enables an actor to live a settled life with no rushing from city to city; the second that radio is a more difficult medium than the stage.

"It is more difficult to get over by radio than to get over on the stage," he says. "On the stage one has voice, costume, make-up, and action to help, whereas on the radio one is confined to the voice."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, April 8.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve — Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, April 9. — Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments."

FRIDAY, April 10. — "Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, April 11. — Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, April 12. — Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, April 13.—"Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, April 14. — The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

There are few more versatile actors than Lou Vernon. He started his career as a concert singer, and that brought him into musical comedy. Since then he had played everything from Greek tragedy to negro minstrel shows.

While there is no stage tradition in the Vernon family, his son, Ross Vernon, recently abandoned a promising radio career to take his place as a member of an air crew in the R.A.A.F.

In addition to appearing from time to time in the hour of drama from 2GB on Sunday nights at 8 o'clock, Lou Vernon will be heard in a number of new features which are now being planned for early presentation.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

Let an Arian express his individuality and he'll seldom fail you. But make sure he sticks at his job and finishes it.

ARIANS—people born between March 21 and April 21—are known as the "go-getters" of the zodiac. They are quick, responsive, adaptable, restless, ambitious for quick success, impatient of slackness and inefficiency, and quick to take umbrage at real or imagined wrongs.

In fact, they often fight first and consider afterwards.

There is much in the Arian nature which merits admiration, and as these people love praise it is wise to encourage and help them by saying the right word at the right time. A discouraged Arian can do little, but a confident, self-assured one can accomplish seeming impossibilities.

The majority get themselves into trouble not only because of their impulsive acts and temper, but also because they dislike routine tasks, servitude, opposition, monotony and having to attend to detail work.

They are naturally "bossy" and find it hard to take orders from others. They are born leaders and crave positions of authority.

In short they are individualists, and the sooner this is realised the better for the general success and happiness of associates or members of the family.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Work hard on April 7, but watch out for deceptive and delaying conditions and misjudgments, especially in the afternoon. April 10 can be even better. April 11 (to 8 a.m.) good; April 14 very fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Good times soon, so get routine tasks done and plan ahead. Meanwhile, April 9 (to noon) very fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair for semi-important affairs on April 10, so be confident and seek change. April 11 and 12 poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Don't be rush. You can get into difficulties and be delayed, annoyed, and disappointed, especially on April 7 and 8, and perhaps on April 14. Routine tasks best.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): April 7 (to 7 a.m.) favors you, and April 14 should be generally helpful. Keep working hard; results may come later.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Plan ahead, for conditions improve soon. Meanwhile, routine is best. April 9, morning, helpful for minor things. April 11 and 12 poor.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): April 10 and April 11 (before 7 a.m.) can be exciting and helpful, yet avoid over-confidence. The week as a whole does not favor you, especially April 7, 8, and 14.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Not a specially helpful week, yet try to get uncompleted matters in hand to avoid trouble later on. April 11 difficult, April 12 just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Make good use of April 7 (before 7 a.m. only), April 9, April 10, and April 14, but avoid the impossible. Consolidation will be better than over-confident changes. April 11 and 12 need caution.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Patience yet a little while, for things improve considerably soon. Meanwhile be cautious on April 11 and April 13 (to dusk). April 14 and April 7 and 8 (to 4 p.m.).

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Quite fair for modest ventures and changes on April 9, April 10, and April 11 (to 8 a.m.). Work hard and seek success and happiness with diligence.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Uneventful for most Piscenns, so concentrate on routine tasks and on completing matters already started. Be mildly cautious on April 7, 8 (early), 11, 12, and perhaps April 12.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters. — Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is aiding the Secret Service to smash the Octopus Ring, a gang of international spies. As
PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, is held as a hostage by
THE OCTOPUS: The magician joins the gang, and when he causes worthless photos of fortifications to be taken is sentenced to death.
Lured into a pit of liquid cement he exercises his hypnotic powers on
LUGA: One of the gang, and forces him to drag him to safety. Then, compelling
SONYA: Another of the spies, to reveal Narda's hiding place, he rescues the Princess and they escape from the lair.

NOW READ ON:

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721693

Murder for Tea

Continued from page 24

THE sergeant looked disapprovingly as though he didn't think "maunderings" was precisely the word one applied in conjunction with Eve Robertson, but his answer was ready enough, "Her name's on it."

Her—why, he meant me! I gasped. I said flatly, "I don't believe it!"

But I had to. For answer the sergeant extended his hand and that ended it. It was true. Scrawled in black letterings that still, despite water-soaking, were plainly legible was the name "Kit Stanley." It stunned me. Because I was certain my name hadn't been there when Chatty gave the thing to me. I said so, bewilderedly, and the sergeant pounced upon the admission.

"Then you don't deny that Kit Stanley is your name?"

"How can I deny it?" I asked sensibly. "It is my name—everyone knows it. Only—when I last saw that package there was no name on it. And that's not Chatty Phillips' handwriting either. I'd swear to that."

The sergeant looked triumphant.

"Then Mrs. Phillips did give it to you?"

Belatedly I looked to Shawn for help. I didn't get it. Apparently he'd given me up. Hands in pockets, he had crossed to the window, and was staring out over a bleak expanse of lawn.

"What do you want to know?" I asked wearily.

"All that you know about this package," the sergeant answered promptly.

Well, it really didn't add up to so much after all. It began in the dressing-room with Chatty slipping the package into my purse and it ended with my discovery, in Tom's presence, that it had been stolen from my purse.

The story sounded silly even to me, but I think the sergeant believed it. All the time I was talking he kept his head bent over the pages of a small black notebook on which, from time to time, he made markings. Only when I finished telling of Tom's intentions to "make another call" before going home did he look up.

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

I shook my head. "Your men traced him here," I said crossly. "I should have thought they would have traced that other, too."

"No," the sergeant said, "and for a very good reason. Because the other call was never made." Snapping the notebook shut he stood up. "To the best of my belief, Mrs. Cosgraeve," he said, "you were the last person to see Robertson alive."

It wasn't a nice thought to contemplate. I sat there and stared at him and little cold shivers began to race along my spine. "The last person to see Thomas Robertson alive"—Oh, but I wasn't. I couldn't have been. The sergeant was wrong. Not the last. There'd been another after me. One who'd watched and followed and waited and then killed——

I said in a voice I hardly knew for my own, "You forgot the murderer!"

Sergeant O'Connor bent his head. "Yeah," he said. "I guess I did. I forgot the murderer."

But something in his voice made me certain that he hadn't forgotten. It frightened me badly. I wanted to scream. I wanted to run to Shawn and hide my face against the comforting breadth of his shoulder. I didn't. Instead I drew a long breath, moistened my stiffening lips.

"You—you don't think that I killed him, do you?"

At least, the sergeant was definite about that.

"No, ma'am, I don't," he said heartily.

I was able to breathe again.

"Nor Mrs. Phillips?"

"About Mrs. Phillips, I don't know," he said cautiously. "You could have."

"Well, I didn't!" I snapped and Mrs. Spencer said, "Preposterous!" in a sort of snort. "Mr. Cosgraeve, I humbly apologise. It was none of our intention, when we requested that you investigate Mrs. Phillips' murder, that you be placed in the position of virtually defending your wife——"

Here Shawn interrupted to say haughtily that he wasn't aware his wife required defending and the sergeant supported him.

"Nobody," the sergeant said succinctly, "is being accused of nothing—not yet. I said Mrs. Cosgraeve could've poisoned Mrs. Phillips—I didn't say she done it. But she couldn't've killed Robertson — not without help." Whether by accident or design, his glance wandered in Shawn's direction.

"But with my assistance, Sergeant?" Shawn asked him.

The sergeant grunted.

"I ain't accusing nobody," he repeated, "but you're big enough and by the looks of you strong enough ——"

Aunt Lide interrupted here to casually ask the question that had been trembling upon all our lips: "What killed Tom Robertson, Sergeant? Was he poisoned, too?"

"Naw." Vague anger stirred under the sergeant's voice. "I never knew Robertson more'n to know who he was when I saw him on the street. Maybe he was short with the bank the way they're saying — maybe he had his own reasons for skipping out—I don't know, but I do know I wouldn't wish a cat the kind of death he drew."

Long ago I thought I'd stood all I could bear. Now I realised that I was wrong. You could go on and on, standing things and absorbing more. I said "How?" in a kind of croak.

The sergeant looked at me directly.

"Whoever killed Mrs. Phillips gave her a chance. If she hadn't drunk that cup of tea—see?" He sighed a little. "But Robertson — he didn't have a chance. The way we got it figured out's like this.

"He's walking along the street where it's dark and a car drives close up to the kerb and somebody jumps him — maybe it's one guy, maybe it's two—we don't know but Robertson gets knocked cold. Then they load him into the car where they rope him up and weight him and then dump him in the river."

"You mean," Mrs. Spencer said and sheer horror tinged her tone, "that he was—alive—when he was thrown in the river?"

"His lungs were full of water when they got him out," the sergeant said meaningly, "and his wrists were wired behind his back. It ain't customary that I ever heard to tie up a dead man."

"It all adds up to something, Sergeant," Shawn said thoughtfully. "Think it over—Mrs. Phillips' murder plus the Bethune Jewellery Company robbery plus Robertson's murder, what's it spell to you?"

"Trouble," said Sergeant O'Connor with a sudden twinkle, "and it'd be the same in any man's police station. But, Mr. Cosgraeve, if you've a glimmer of anything that'd make sense I'd be glad of it and some of that co-operation Mrs. Spencer promised me."

"Not so fast," Shawn told him. "I'll be needing cards for my own hand first."

"And they'd be———?"

"Just what," Shawn asked, "is in the package Mrs. Phillips gave my wife—the package you took out of Robertson's pocket?"

The sergeant said calmly, "I don't know. I haven't opened it yet."

Shawn lost the brittle hold he had upon his temper.

"Then for heaven's sake why haven't you?"

But the sergeant had reverted to a maddening deliberation.

"Take it easy, Mr. Cosgraeve. They'll want pictures first, I'm thinking."

It was then that I had my inspiration. I said, "Shawn! I think we're all wrong. You can't add it up like that. Don't you see—if that package was important enough to be a reason for killing Tom, then why was it left in his pocket?"

THERE ensued a momentary silence. Then Shawn said, "Why didn't I think of that?" in a wondering voice.

The sergeant was openmouthed with admiration. He said, "If I been wild-goosechasing all over this town after nothing more'n a box of pills——"

He reached for his hat, clapped it on his head.

Shawn said, "Where are you going?"

Sergeant O'Connor grunted. "Down to headquarters. They can start turning their stuff loose on this thing right now."

"I'll come with you," Shawn said.

After they left, we sat making fitful conversation for what seemed an eternity. Then Shawn came back, and I rushed to him.

"Did they open it? Did you see it? What was it?"

"Easy, darling," Shawn said, "and it's 'yes' to two of your questions, and as for the third—" He dropped down on the arm of one of Aunt Lide's old walnut chairs and pulled me over against him. "There were two earrings in the box, and that was all."

"Earrings," I repeated. "Shawn! Were they square and large and set about with seed pearls — diamond earrings? Because Eve had a pair —Tom gave them to her for a wedding present—"

"Then it was a poor present, I'm thinking," Shawn said grimly, "and if the love with it were no better, I pity the girl. Because sorra a bit of a diamond have those earrings. They're paste!"

To be continued

Friend of the Bride

Continued from page 5

BUT she hadn't taken that chance. She had been looking, all her life, for a chance to make some return to Gillian for her goodness, her kindness, and this was that chance.

She drew back from Alan's arms, and laughed at him. It is wonderful what a woman can do, if she loves enough——

"Darling—is the war going to your head?" she had chaffed him lightly. "I seem to have seen this somewhere before—car breaks down on lonely road and conventional young miss gets out and walks home—isn't that it? Only I'm not going to walk home, my sweet—I'm sitting here until you get things working again. Make it snappy, because I have a date with a handsome young redhead back at the air-port.

"Oh, for goodness' sake don't sit gaping at me like that. It was fun, of course, but"—she had managed a very commendable shrug—"Well, let's put it down to the war and forget it. Have you heard from Gillian lately?"

He had not spoken all the way home. She had never forgotten the one look he had given her—searing, contemptuous. She had thought, wryly, that she must be a better actress than she had thought. She had never seen him again. The next morning she had been moved on, and there had been only one letter from Gillian during the months that followed.

Of Alan she had heard nothing.

Then had come Gillian's letter, urging her to come home for the wedding. "It won't be the same without you, darling——"

She had made up her mind not to come. But if she didn't, people would think it strange. They had been friends, all three of them, so long.

She straightened her shoulders and lifted her chin. Well, she had proved her friendship at last. She had given Alan back to Gillian for ever. If she had to go through the rest of life with only half a heart, well, that was nobody's business but her own, was it? She would still be their friend, she would stand on the outside of their magic circle, and feel some of the warmth that radiated from it.

"Darling," Alan would probably say to Gillian, one day, when they had been married a long time, "we were always mistaken about poor old Stella, you know. When I was in France I was astounded. She was quite a flirt—these quiet people are pretty deep."

Because, of course, he would soon forget that, for a moment, he had been in love with her. It had been just the night, the threatened danger, the proximity. It had always been Gillian, really, in his heart.

A rustle went over the congregation. Somewhere, a long way off, the organ began to play, softly, tantalisingly, then louder. Stella felt suddenly stronger than she had ever felt before. She was glad —glad—her hands clenched on the seat in front of her—glad that she had not spoiled things for Gillian.

Turning slightly, she caught a glimpse of Peter Darris in the aisle. Dear old Peter—it was years since she had seen him. He had sat next to her at kindergarten, and once, long before she had lost her heart to Alan, she had thought things about one day growing up and marrying Peter. He had been such a nice kid—blue eyes, sandy hair, and such a winning smile. He had been a hopeless adorer of Gillian's, like all the rest of them, but she had laughed at him, called him dull.

She stood on tiptoe, trying to see Alan. So Peter was to be best man, was he? It might be rather fun, at the reception, seeing if she could make friends with Peter again. He might help her through the ordeal of shaking hands with Gillian and Alan, wishing them luck.

SHE strained her neck again, but she could not see over that absurd feathered contraption that was perched on the head of a woman in front. Somewhere, up there, Alan would be waiting, straight and slim in his steel-blue uniform, with wings over his heart, Alan—whose heart had always had wings, whose thoughts had carried him on wings long before mechanical ones had done it for him. Alan—whose eyes turned forever towards the sky, whose motto would always be, "I spread my wings——"

She began to cry, quietly. "God grant," she prayed in childish simplicity, "that his wings will always be spread—that they may never fold, or fail him. God keep him safe, up there in the skies——"

There was a rustle near the great doorway of the church. The organ swelled into a soaring richness of melody, the heavy perfume of the June roses which filled the church dazed Stella's tired senses.

Gillian. Gillian, at last—after all these months. As always, she knew a sense of shock as she realised again how lovely was this friend of hers, and how dear. There she was, tall and slender and beautiful, in her white satin gown, the softly pink-tinted veil surrounding her like a baby cloud. She had roses in her hands—long-stemmed, delicately pink roses, as fresh as the morning itself. There was glory in her eyes, and a soft, secret smile touched her lips.

She paused, as if she sensed Stella's presence, turned her head and saw her. She smiled at Stella, and then tucked her hand beneath her father's arm and went serenely, regally, up the aisle towards her beloved.

Somebody pushed in beside Stella. She moved impatiently, hating this intrusion upon her privacy. She moved her gloves, her prayer-book, her bag, and pushed a hassock towards the late-comer. Up in the front of the church a deep voice began to speak.

She fumbled with her prayer-book, blinded by her sudden tears. She had done the right, the only thing—but there are times when even that knowledge cannot comfort a forlorn and lonely heart. A long, lean hand took the book from her shaking fingers, found the place, and pushed it back into her hands.

"You never could find your place, Rats," said a teasing voice. "Good job I managed to get here in time, don't you think?"

She was going mad, of course. This was what happened when you thought too much about things — when you went without proper sleep, and your breakfast. Doctors had a name for it—but she couldn't remember what it was——

They knelt down, and once more that strong hand crept towards her, and this time it covered her hand firmly, securely, as if it never meant to let her go again.

"She wrote to me the day after you went away, Stella," a voice whispered. "She found, after I had gone, that it had always been Peter, Stella, tell me the truth now—why did you behave in that queer way, that night—you remember?"

The church was behaving queerly, swaying gently around her. She clung to that hand — so hard, so tanned, so strong. Then, daring at last, she turned and looked at the steel-blue uniform beside her, the little wings over an eager young heart, the dark teasing eyes.

"Alan," she whispered. "Oh, Alan ——"

Later, when they were standing up to see Gillian go by on the arm of young Peter, he repeated his question.

"That night, Stella, my sweet — why did you do it?"

She turned and smiled at him, glory and happiness in her eyes. Gillian would never know, but she had paid her debt in the only way she had known how, and Gillian had sent it back, for ever.

"Because," she said simply. "I'm a friend—of the bride."

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

3 Star Features
"STAR OF THE WEEK"
PORTRAITS IN WORDS AND MELODY
TUES. 9.15 p.m.
"LYRICAL LIMERICKS"
PRIZES FOR RHYMES
THURS. 9.15 p.m.
"THAT'S HOW IT STARTED"
THE ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR THINGS
SAT. 9.15 p.m.
2GB

A family you'll love . . . .
"Those Happy Gilmans"
They're so real . . . so human!
2GB ★ MON. to SAT. 9.45 a.m.

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FRONT VIEW of the cardigan.

Here's the latest . . .

Cardigan Jacket

● Featuring military-style patch pockets and smart action back.

NO need to stress the advantages of this cleverly-designed hand-knit. It's so attractive that your fingers will itch to start on it immediately.

You are strongly advised, however, to use the wool specified, otherwise success of the garment cannot be guaranteed.

Here are the directions which have been double-checked by our expert:

Materials: 15oz. Bluebell crepe yarn; 1 pair each No. 11 and No. 8 needles; 1 medium-size crochet hook; 6 button moulds.

Tension: 6½ sts. to inch in width.

Measurements: Length all round at underarm, 34ins.; length from top of shoulder, 21ins.; length of sleeve to underarm, 18ins.

PATTERN
(worked throughout cardigan)

1st Row: K 1, p 1, to last stitch, k 1.

2nd Row: Repeat first row.

3rd Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: Repeat 3rd row.

THE BACK (First Section)

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 111 sts. Work in pattern, decreasing once each end of the needle in the 13th and every following 8th row until 101 sts. remain and work measures 5ins. Cast off in pattern.

THE BACK (Second Section)

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 153 sts. Work in pattern for 7ins. Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Decrease once at each end of the needle in every alternate row until 133 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until second section measures 9½ins. Cast off in pattern.

THE BACK (Third Section)

Using the No. 8 needles, cast on 85 sts. Work in pattern for 4½ins., then cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining stitches.

RIGHT FRONT

Using the No. 8 needles, cast on 65 sts.

1st Row: K 2 (p 1, k 1) 4 times. Work in pattern on the remaining 55 sts.

2nd Row: Pattern 55 sts. (p 1, k 1) 5 times. Continue in this manner, keeping the ribbing at centre front and remaining sts. in main pattern, decreasing once at the end of the needle in the 13th and every following 8th row until 60 sts. remain, and work measures 5ins., finishing at armhole edge. Cast off 49 sts. Continue ribbing on remaining 11 sts., making a buttonhole (rib 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib 4. In the following row, rib 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib 4 sts.) in the 7th and 8th rows. Continue ribbing for 6 rows.

In the next row, rib 11 sts., cast on 49 sts. Commence again in main pattern and ribbing at centre front making a buttonhole in the 25th and 26th rows (24 rows between each button). Increase once at the armhole edge in the next and every following 8th row until there are 65 sts. on the needle and work measures 7ins. from the 49 cast-on sts., finishing at the armhole edge.

Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the row, then decrease once at this edge every alternate row until 49 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until the 5th buttonhole and 21ins. have been worked, finishing at neck edge.

Cast off 16 sts. at the beginning of the needle, then decrease once at this edge every alternate row until 24 sts. remain, and armhole measures 7ins. on the straight, finishing at armhole edge. Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the row until all are cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with the right front, omitting the buttonholes and working shapings at opposite ends of the needle.

THE SLEEVES (Both alike)

Using the No. 8 needles cast on 51 sts. Work in main pattern. Increase once at each end of the needle in the 13th and every following 8th row until there are 85 sts. on the needle. When work measures 18ins., cast off 1 stitch at the beginning of every row until 39 sts. remain. Cast off 13 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Continue on the remaining sts. for 2ins. Cast off.

POCKETS (Large, both alike)

Using the No. 8 needles, cast on 39 sts. Work in main pattern for 5ins. Cast off.

POCKETS (Small, both alike)

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 25 sts. Work in main pattern for 2ins. Cast off.

THIS SMART AFFAIR will prove your greatest standby during the coming months. Except for waistline, neckline, and narrow panels at front it is worked throughout in double moss-stitch.

BUTTONS (Six)

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 8 sts. Rib for 1in. Cast off. Make buttons by running a drawing thread around outside edge, place mould in centre, draw thread tightly and finish off. Press all sections with a warm iron and damp cloth.

TO MAKE UP

Second section of back. Gather the top and bottom. Sew the top to the third section of the back. Sew the sides of the first section of back to the lower sides of the fronts. Then sew the sides of the second and third sections of back to the upper sides of fronts. Sew shoulders together. With the right side of work facing use the No. 11 needles and pick up 15 sts. evenly at waist.

1st Row: K 1, p 1, to last stitch, finishing with k 1.

2nd Row: K 2 * p 1, k 1. Repeat from * to last stitch, k 1. Repeat these 2 rows for 26ins., cast off and sew the cast-off edge in position.

Sew the lower half of cardigan to ribbing, then the upper half. Sew the flaps at the tops of sleeves to the cast off sts. Sew up sides and sew in position, placing seam to seam. Work 1 row of d.c. round cuff edge. Using No. 11 needles and right side of work facing, pick up and knit 91 sts. evenly round neck edge.

Rib as given for waist, making a buttonhole in the 8th and 9th rows. Work 3 more rows ribbing. Cast off loosely. Work 1 row d.c. along tops of pockets, sew the large to lower edges of fronts and small each side of the upper fronts. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes. Work 1 row d.c. along lower edge of cardigan.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721695

In the "Land Army" now!

Lady CECILIA SMILEY helps Britain's War Effort.

Lady Cecilia Smiley now "Digs for Victory" on a Leicestershire farm. But despite arduous conditions her satin-smooth skin hasn't suffered in the least. As she says—"In spite of being out in all sorts of weather, my complexion is every bit as smooth and soft as it used to be—and it's entirely thanks to Pond's wonderful creams."

Lady Cecilia Smiley is the daughter of the late Lord Cowley. Her glorious complexion is flawless as a child's and has a child's delicately flushed fairness.

"Pond's Two Creams keep my skin smooth as Satin,"

says LADY CECILIA SMILEY.

Pond's two creams will guard your complexion as carefully as they guard Lady Cecilia's. First, use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse deeply, to lubricate your skin. It melts down into the pores and floats out the day's dust and make-up . . . leaves your skin immaculately clean. Finish with Pond's fluffy Vanishing Cream to soften any tiny rough patches, to give your skin a flower-like bloom. It holds powder perfectly, hour after hour . . . protects your sensitive skin from sun and wind. Use Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams *together* as a complete beauty method . . . they are laboratory-prepared so that each enhances the beautifying powers of the other.

Sold at all stores and chemists, in small and large jars, also tubes for the handbag. For economy, buy the large jar containing approximately 3½ times as much as the small jar.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

It's Leslie Stebbing's job to look for trouble. He's a roof spotter for a big city store. Pretty chilly up there in the early hours of the morning, but Les's not worrying. "Do I catch cold? Not on your life! Hot Bonox soon warms me up after a spell of spotting." Yes, Bonox will help you to keep your head above the flu line. Bonox keeps up your resistance and guards against flu and cold germs, because Bonox sends new strength direct to your blood-stream. Drink a steaming cupful of Bonox every day, especially in winter weather. Hotels, cafes, and milk bars are serving hot Bonox now. Or buy a bottle of Bonox on your way home, and drink it as a night cap.

19.4

WALL AND ROCK GARDENING takes a lot of drudgery from this fine hobby, and is a splendid method for those who can no longer dig.

Gardening for the not-so-young

● I can thoroughly recommend potcraft for those flower-lovers who have reached the age when spadecraft is too strenuous . . .

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

WINDOW GARDENS are charming; easy to plant and tend.

BUT when I say potcraft I mean not only the potting of plants, but planting them in window gardens, raising them in frames, pans, troughs, propagating them from leaves, cuttings, divisions, and generally "pottering" about the garden.

In this direction one might also include rock gardening, for once the rockery is made and filled with soil any aged person unless crippled or incapacitated can keep it in fair order.

Window gardening is an ideal method of growing plants when one's muscles have reached the creaking age and do not limber up readily enough to permit raking, hoeing, digging, and mowing.

A collection of flowerpots of varying shapes and sizes, some concrete or wooden troughs or boxes, a small heap of loamy soil, some decayed vegetable compost and old manure, some sand, a bagful of bonedust, some artificial fertiliser, charcoal, and crocks, plus a potting stick, a trowel and a dibble are about all the window-gardener will require to start with.

See that the window gardens or troughs are well supplied with drainage holes, that the bottoms are filled to an inch or two with crocks (broken flowerpots or roofing tiles or cinders), then covered over with a thin layer of peat moss or sphagnum moss to prevent the drainage choking. That much achieved the window-gardener can mix up the loamy soil, the compost and manure, sand, and fertiliser, and fill the window garden to within an inch or so of the edge.

The soil should then be watered and allowed to settle. The next morning (if this is done in the evening) the window garden can be planted, and at this time of the year an almost endless choice can be made, utilising hardy annuals, perennials, dwarf shrubs, cacti, ferns, succulents and so on.

These should be set out with due regard to their habits, the tallest subjects being placed at the back, medium in the middle, and dwarf types in front. Trailers should be planted at the corners and allowed to spill as near naturally as possible. Climbers should be planted at the back, and must be given some support in the shape of miniature trellises or fan-shaped lattice.

Or if the gardener is not fond of window gardens, but has a bush-house or a collection of pot plants, the greatest pleasure can be obtained from these.

Only the very best of soils should be used for pot plants. While no hard or fast rules can be laid down, for different species require different treatment, it can be said that leaf mould, peaty or fibrous soil, decayed manure, sand, and good quality loam are indispensable.

Conditions laid down for window gardening should apply to an even greater degree when potting plants. Window gardens are usually more spacious and have a greater area of soil.

Hanging baskets can also be made very beautiful by the gardener who can no longer dig and delve. Asparagus sprengeri and plumosus, ivy-leaved geraniums and verbenas, campanula isophylla and fragilis, abronias, trailing fuchsias, nepeta, nierembergias, thunbergias, lotus and many mesembryanthemums do extremely well in baskets.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Geranium-cutting ready for propagating in frame; holly-cutting showing roots after treatment with hormone liquid; double pot method of raising cuttings (small pot is corked and filled with water, large pot with sand); three stages of rose budding, showing taking of bud, front and back views of prepared buds.

FOR YOUNG WIVES AND MOTHERS

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Home-grown vegetables best for children

IT has been proved, beyond doubt, that home-grown vegetables and fruits have a vitamin and mineral value far beyond that of those which have to be transported long distances or be put into cold storage, or sold in busy city markets.

The care of a home vegetable patch may present some difficulties, but the results will amply repay parents of growing children.

A leaflet dealing comprehensively with the relative vitamin values of various vegetables suitable for children has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Cut down ladders with LUX

A LEVER PRODUCT U.14.32

What are Adenoids?

Every baby is born with four tonsils. Two of these are behind the nose, and two, which are easily seen, are at the back of the throat. The tonsils in the throat remain throughout life, but the nasal tonsils should be completely absorbed by the age of twelve.

Very often, however, disease germs from neglected colds or infections from other children cause the tonsils behind the nose to swell, and interfere with breathing through the nose. This mass of infected tissue is called *adenoids*.

95 out of every 100 children suffer from adenoids. Mouth-breathing, frequent colds, earache, tiredness, and crankiness are symptoms of adenoids.

Thanks to scientific research, operations for the removal of adenoids and tonsils are seldom necessary. Dr. Brodie's Kanatox is the wonderful new treatment for getting rid of the infected mass of adenoids, and keeping tonsils clean and healthy. If your child suffers in this way, get a flask of Kanatox from your nearest chemist to-day, and put 2 or 3 drops in each nostril each day after breakfast, and at bedtime. You can get a 6 weeks' treatment flask for 10/-, or a small flask for 3/6 (each size complete with special dropper). But be sure you get genuine Dr. BRODIE'S KANATOX K17

Pimples Go

Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples like magic. Use Nixoderm tonight and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store today under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm NOW 2/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 2/3

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LOVELY ARMS AND ELBOWS

● Smooth, rounded arms with pretty elbows are as fascinating as perfectly - groomed hands . . . So take care of yours.

—Says
OUR BEAUTY EXPERT

WHY then are they so often neglected? The average girl will spend hours a week on her face, creaming and cleaning, patting and tending, but never think of her arms.

Rough or mottled arms and "horny" elbows are decidedly unattractive and an inexcusable beauty fault in a girl.

The mottled roughness of the upper arm, which is commonly called goose-flesh, can be banished quickly with quite simple treatment, which is carried out this way:

Get a large basin and almost fill it with water as hot as can be comfortably borne.

MARTA EGGERTH, MGM beauty pictured above, has beautifully rounded arms and a perfect pair of shoulders. And she gives this tip: When you cream your face, always rub a little on elbows.

Seven-day treatment

THEN, using a good skin soap and a fairly stiff-bristled nailbrush, scrub the whole of both arms until the skin tingles. Of course, your arms will be quite red, but don't be alarmed.

Now dry your arms thoroughly with a soft towel and massage with plenty of cream, and then gently wipe off any surplus grease.

If you carry out this treatment every night for a week your arms will surprise you with their loveliness.

Kitchen salt is also good for banishing that goose-flesh from the upper arms. Massage the salt in with your hands—not roughly, if you please—and then rinse in warm water, dry, and massage in some cold cream.

It is necessary, of course, to carry out this treatment every day for a week or so. If everyone scrubbed the upper arms thoroughly with a loofah in the daily bath after soaping well, no goose-flesh would ever rear its ugly head. And if every girl rubbed some cream on her elbows nightly when creaming her face, the skin would never become coarse and rough.

Leaning on the elbows continuously will make them red and horny in appearance.

This leaning on the table when talking or reading, leaning on the desk when writing, is disastrous to their good looks.

The only thing to do in order to bring back some semblance of their pristine beauty is to feed them with cream.

If you feel like undertaking a treatment in the interests of your elbows, make two pads of cotton-wool, smear on nourishing cream, and strap to the elbows, using adhesive tape for the purpose.

It is best to affix these beauty pads just before slipping into bed, for in order to do their good work they should be left on all night.

Try out this treatment for a week and I guarantee the hard skin will be soft and finer, and the ugly red look will have disappeared.

Lemon "cups" are also good for bleaching and softening the skin of unattractive elbows.

Cut a lemon in halves, squeeze out the juice, and place both elbows in cups and sit for ten minutes.

You can pour the juice into a glass, fill with water, and drink the contents on retiring. No sugar, please!

If your arms are too fat—that is at the shoulder-line—rotate them one hundred times night and morning; that is, stand and extend arms at sides and rotate the hands, swinging in a large circle.

A month of this and you will thank me from the bottom of your heart!

Every girl has within herself the power to play the heroine in some love story of her own. To be born beautiful is not so important as to appear well-cared for, with the fascinating appeal of a skin soft as the heart of a flower. Even a plain complexion takes on a petal-like finish with Erasmic Face Powder. Exquisitely light and silky it is — with a fragrance delicate as the breath of beautiful gardens on still, summer nights.

(NATURAL, RACHEL DAWN, RACHEL DUSK, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN AND PEACH)
Erasmic Cream (Vanishing & Cold) 1/1½ tube

ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/1½

E.24.26.

Jewelled rope tricks

A CHUBBY necklace gives charm to a plain neckline. Smart to wear with autumn and winter dresses, jumpers and suits, don't you agree?

+ + +

YOU CAN make either of these pictured here for a shilling or two. Full directions for making are given at right.

THE new, thick rope look belongs to the smartest and most expensive necklaces shown in the shops, but you can make either of the necklaces photographed here for a shilling or two.

Wreathed pearls wound loosely round a shiny silk skein make the enchanting necklet illustrated top left. All you need is one 1oz. skein of any silk, cotton or boucle knitting yarn and two or three pearl necklets.

Twist your skein loosely so that it looks like a rope and bind the ends firmly with matching silk. Stitch two little ends of velvet ribbon long enough to tie for a fastening to each end of the necklet.

Now rethread your pearls into one long strand graduating them in size. Wind this strand round the centre of the necklet beginning and ending on the underneath side of the skein. Finish by catching the pearls firmly to the skein with invisible stitches.

Another bright idea

THE studded necklace, shown left, is made from silk cord (pyjama cords are perfect) and 18 buttons or beads in any color or a mixture of colors. You will need six pyjama cords, or, if you decide to get cord by the yard, buy 4½yds. and cut it into six pieces, each 1yd. long.

Pin the six ends of the cord down firmly and plait them up, using two cords for each strand. Bind both the ends of the plait tightly with matching silk. Stitch the beads or buttons firmly at ½in. intervals over the centre part of the necklet.

For fastening, first trim the ends neatly, then make a single loop of cord or ribbon at one end and sew a large button or tassel to the other end to slip through the loop.

Work for Him — Fight for Him
Buy Him War Savings Stamps

HELP MAKE HIS FUTURE SECURE

Inserted by the manufacturers of

LAXETTES

The Famous and Safe Children's Laxative

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Preserved fruits in

LOW-COST MEALS

● When fresh fruit is too expensive to buy or difficult to obtain, don't worry. You can still serve delicious, health-giving desserts, etc., by substituting dried and canned fruits for the fresh variety.

—says MARY FORBES,
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

ONLY the best grades of fruit are chosen for drying and their mineral and roughage value is equal to that of fresh fruit.

The vitamin value of sun-dried and canned fruits is high.

When possible, dried fruit should be served raw, i.e., after soaking only.

When cooking, cook as for fresh fruit and vegetables in a small quantity of liquid in a tightly-lidded pan. This conserves the vitamin value.

One lb. of dried fruit equals 3 to 4lb. of fresh.

Here are some recipes to help you in serving low-cost meals:

ORANGE RAISIN SALAD

Two oranges (thin - skinned variety), 1 cup raisins, 6oz. cheese, 1 lettuce, mayonnaise.

Choose a firm lettuce; remove the outer leaves, not discarding, but keeping to cook as a vegetable. Remove stem end, wash and cut heart into four, not separating the firm leaves. Cut cheese into wedges and slice oranges very thinly, leaving on rind. Arrange on salad plate. Serve with sharply-flavored mayonnaise or a lemon juice, oil and celery salt dressing. This is a delicious main course luncheon dish.

PEACH COBBLER

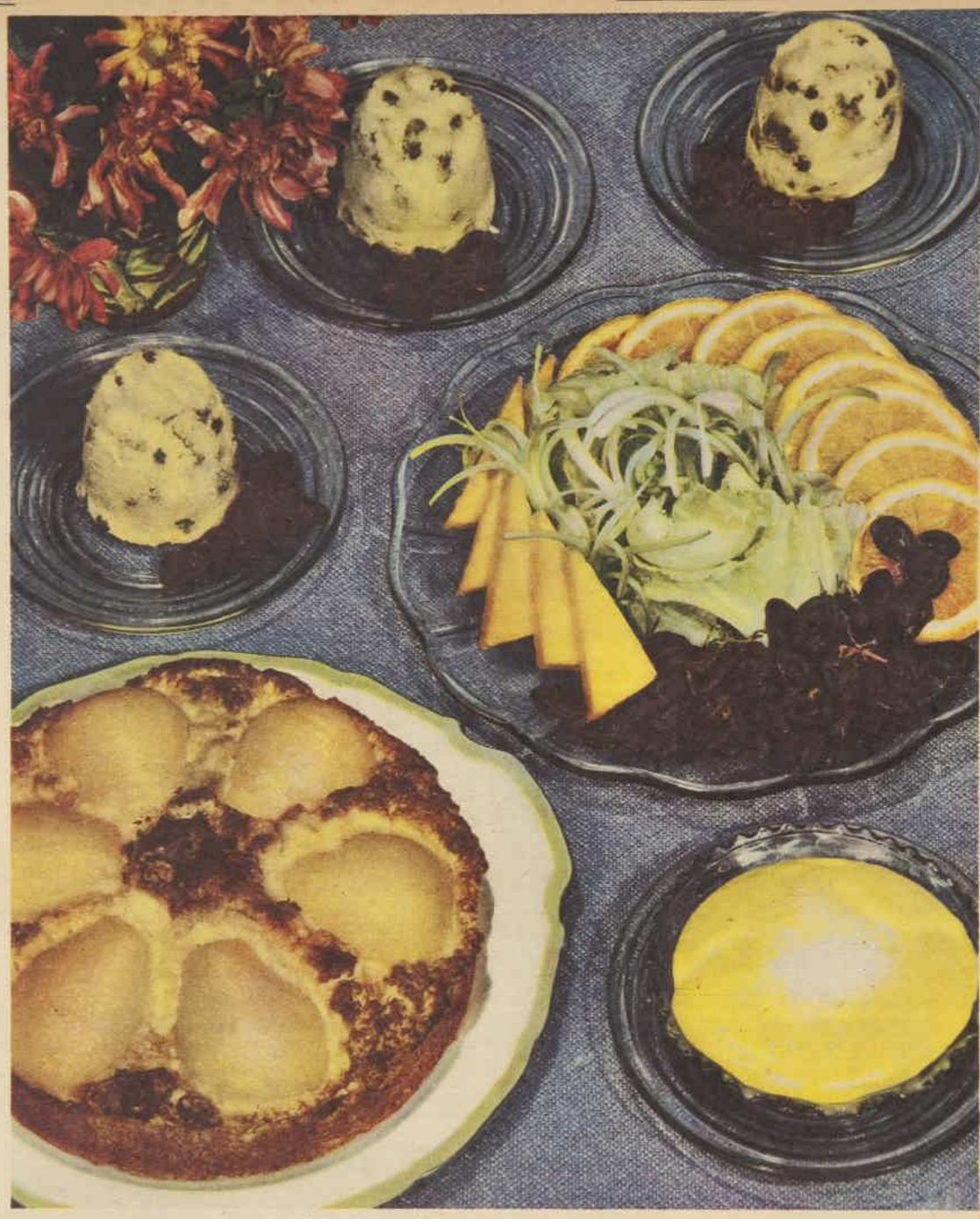
One and a half cups sliced tinned peaches, 3oz. white self - raising flour, 3oz. wholemeal self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped peanuts.

Sift the flours, rub in the fat, add the sugar and mix to a dough with the milk. Knead lightly, line a tart dish with half, cover with peaches, and then the remainder of the dough. Slit the top across in 3 or 4 parallel lines. Glaze with milk and sprinkle with peanuts. Cook in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes.

DUTCH PEAR CAKE

One and a half cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt, 1½ tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup milk, small tin preserved pears, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in the butter, add the sugar and mix to a soft dough with the beaten egg and milk. Place in a well-greased 8-inch sandwich tin. Drain the pears, leave in halves or cut each half into two and arrange on the batter. Sprinkle with brown sugar and spice. Cook in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Turn out and serve hot.



ILLUSTRATED ABOVE: Dutch pear cake, orange raisin salad, and sultana castle puddings which are served with orange or lemon sauce. Recipes for making are given on this page.

DRIED APPLE PANDOWDY

Half pound dried apples, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2oz. chopped nuts, 3oz. wholemeal self-raising flour, 3oz. white self-raising flour, 1oz. butter, 1oz. brown sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Soak the apple slices for at least one hour in just sufficient water to cover and then arrange in the bottom of a thickly-greased sandwich tin. Sprinkle with the brown sugar and spice. Rub the butter into the well-sifted flours; add the sugar and lemon rind and mix to a soft dough with the beaten egg and milk. Place on top of the apple and cook in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 40 minutes. Serve hot with apple side up. Sprinkle with chopped nuts.

SULTANA CASTLE PUDDINGS

Eight ounces flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, 3oz. butter or margarine or good beef dripping, 3oz. sugar, 4oz. sultanas, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk.

Cream the fat, sugar and orange rind; add the beaten eggs and then the sultanas. Stir in the sifted flour and baking powder alternately with the milk. Place in four to six small greased moulds or cups, cover with greased paper and steam 30 minutes. Serve hot with or without orange sauce or golden syrup.

FRUIT DOUGHBOYS

Six ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. beef suet, ½ teaspoon spice (may be omitted), 4oz. mixed fruit (raisins, sultanas, and currants), milk.

Sift the flour and spice well and chop in the grated suet. Add the fruit and mix to a dough with milk. Roll into small balls about 1½ inches in diameter, and cook on top of a casserole of stewed or curried meat, or on stewed fruit, or plunge into boiling water and serve with golden syrup. They require about 30 minutes' cooking.

RHUBARB AND CURRANT FEATHER PIE

One bunch rhubarb, sugar, 1 small juicy orange, 8oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. butter or good beef dripping (add squeeze of lemon juice if dripping), 3oz. sugar, 4oz. currants, ½ teaspoon orange rind, 1 or 2 eggs, ½ cup milk.

Wash the rhubarb and cut into 1in. lengths; stew with very small quantity of water, adding sugar to taste, until just tender. Flavor with orange juice and pour into a greased piedish. Cream the butter or dripping, sugar, and orange rind well; add the beaten eggs and then the currants. Fold in the well-sifted flour alternately with the milk. Pour over the rhubarb and cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 45 minutes.

DARN THAT SOCK!

MRS. HOLIDAY tells you how to cut down sock holes and make footwear last longer.

IF THERE'S one thing that gets a man in a real wax it's to find his new socks shrunk after wearing them only once or twice. Socks that are too short soon get holes in the toes and I dare say you don't enjoy mending them any more than he likes wearing them. Unless they're guaranteed unshrinkable, it pays to buy socks at least half a size larger than needed, and to wash them before they're worn.

But of course there are other things which help to keep socks soft, comfortable, and shapely.

Feet Have 1,600 Sweat Glands per Square Inch.

First, see that your husband doesn't wear his socks too long at a time before having them washed. *There are about 1,600 sweat glands per square inch on the sole of the foot, so socks soon get soaked with perspiration.* And perspiration (together with friction in wear) causes felting and shrinkage if it's not soon washed out.

Always soak socks in plain tepid water for about ten minutes before washing. And when you do get on the job, avoid rubbing two surfaces together or you'll "felt" the wool. Never rub hard soap on the sock—(You won't need to if you've used the correct amount of Persil—1 heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water). *Persil's suds are oxygen charged, as you probably know, so they're specially cleansing. Put your hand inside the foot, dip in the suds, and rub with the flat of your other hand. Thoroughly rinse out all dirty suds.*

Be Careful How You Dry Socks. Having taken this extra care, don't let the socks shrink while drying. Keep them in shape by stretching to their correct size, then peg firmly to the line at both toe and heel. Dry inside out, in the shade.

Another trick which sometimes increases the size of socks, is to press them under a damp cloth, stretching at the same time. Lift the cloth constantly to let the steam escape.

Mary Holiday

P.166.2

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NICEST WAY to serve curry and rice demonstrated by Virginia Field, RKO player: Make a ring of rice first, then pour curry into the centre.

MORE PRIZE RECIPES

● These came from enterprising readers.

OUR cookery expert, who judges our best recipe competition, asks readers to send in recipes that are not only attractive and nourishing, but economical.

Here are results of this week's competition:

STEAMED CARAMEL PUDDING

Quarter-pound stale plain cake crumbs, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3oz. loaf sugar, and 1 cup milk.

Put sugar into saucepan, add 1 tablespoon water and boil slowly until it turns brown, being careful not to let it burn. Add the milk to this caramel, and keep over a gentle heat until well blended, then pour it over cake crumbs. Separate yolks and whites, beat yolks with the sugar, add vanilla, and stir into the crumb mixture. Finally beat whites stiffly and fold into the mixture. Butter a mould thickly, sprinkle with sugar, pour in the mixture, cover with a greased paper and steam gently 1 hour. Delicious served hot or cold with whipped raisin cream.

To make cream: To 1 cup of sweet cream add 3 tablespoons icing sugar and 2 egg-whites. Mix together, then add 1 cup of seedless raisins previously soaked in water for 2 hours, and whip till thick and frothy. Spread quickly over sides and top of pudding.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Mayhew, Strong Ave., Graceville, Qld.

APPLE CRUMBLE DESSERT

Almost fill a buttered fireproof dish with apple that has been stewed with sugar to taste and cloves or lemon rind to flavor, using only a little water.

Into about half a cupful of self-raising flour rub sufficient butter to make it crumbly; mix in about a quarter of a cupful each of sugar and desiccated coconut, and sprinkle to the depth of half an inch all over the apple. Place in the oven and leave till apple is thoroughly heated through and the top cooked a golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Jean Baker, Redlands, Springhurst, Vic.

RUSSIAN SUPPER DISH

Half-pound cold mutton, 2 tomatoes, 1lb. macaroni, 1 teaspoon meat extract, 2 eggs, pepper, salt.

Boil macaroni till tender, and line mould with it; then cut up remainder and mix with finely-minced meat and tomatoes cut into small pieces; add pepper and salt to taste and meat extract. Bind mixture with well-beaten eggs. Pour into mould, steam 1 hour. Serve with gravy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rosewall, Rosetta Rd., Netley, S.A.

BLONDES! Do this at home

Learn this amazing secret

Start to-day to wash your hair with Sta-blond. You will be amazed at the difference. And you will learn this amazing secret . . . **that only Sta-blond can bring back that lovely 'lighter' colour to faded fair hair.** It succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail — simply because it is made specially for blondes.

Give back to your hair its lost golden beauty. Recapture that lost sparkle and charm — **and keep it** — for Sta-blond prevents fair hair from darkening and keeps it bright and lustrous **always.**

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES' OWN SHAMPOO

MEDICO SAYS:

● Some people are more prone to boils than others.

PEOPLE with greasy skins and a tendency to blackheads are most susceptible.

Sometimes repeated attacks of boils are associated with unsuspected diabetes. The only way to check up on this is to have the urine and blood tested by a doctor. More often boils are caused by a general rundown condition and affect people whose bodily resistance is low.

The best way to build up resistance against boils and other infections is to increase the use of protective foods. Milk, eggs, cheese, fruit and vegetables, meat and wholemeal bread should not be crowded out by too much white bread, sugar, cakes and sweets. Fruits rich in Vitamin C, such as papaws, pineapples, citrus fruits, and tomatoes, are valuable protective foods.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

GLUE a length of tape measure across the front of your sewing machine. This will save hunting round for a "tape" while doing hems and tucks, etc.

* * *

CAN'T afford to lose gloves these days. Sew a loop of elastic inside the wrist of each glove. Gloves can be slipped off easily, but the band of elastic will keep them attached to the wrist.

* * *

WHERE there is a family of growing children there is always the job of lengthening winter clothes. Often a mark is left round the hem after lengthening, but just secure some fuller's earth from your chemist, make it into a paste, and rub it into the soiled part. Leave the garment hanging at least twelve hours, then rub briskly with a brush. This is said to remove the stain.

* * *

THE everlasting cry from the family: "I can't go near that room for the smell of the paint." Well, if you've just had a room painted, slice up a few onions in a basin and leave this overnight in the room, but remember to keep the doors and windows closed. Next morning the odor should have disappeared.

"FRESH FLOWERS brighten rooms and gladden hearts," says Rise Stevens, the new MGM star pictured above with a basketful of glory for the decoration of her home. But to keep them fresh longer, change water daily, clip stems, or give aspirin tablet.

If there's one breakfast that pleases everyone—it's a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. This energising breakfast treat is packed full of flavour. Rich, tantalising, utterly irresistible flavour. And talk about crisp! Kellogg's Corn Flakes come rustling out of that wax-tite innerseal wrapper, as crisp as if you'd taken them straight out of your own oven. Don't fail to get a packet from your grocer right away!

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This is the way we'll wash our Clothes 1N 194-?

"HOME IS THE PLACE FOR FAMILY WASHING"

Here we present your Laundry of to-morrow where effortless supervision of tireless electric servants ousts the back-breaking tasks of wash-day; where the Hotpoint washing machine gives new-like cleanliness; where an electric wringer saves arm-ache; where an electric tumbler dryer eliminates pegging on the line and dependance on the weather; where you sit comfortably to direct the ironing. All this, and the cheerful effect of order with spotless cleanliness of surroundings. The plan of the practical Laundry is inspired by Hotpoint Electric Servants whose indispensable value in the scheme of modern living has been proved by actual experience in Australian homes.

But VICTORY must come first. Please don't be disappointed if your Hotpoint Distributor says, "Sorry, no stocks." It is because the men and materials normally employed by Australian General Electric in the manufacture of Hotpoint Electric Servants are now needed for armaments and vital services . . . a part in the war effort which Hotpoint is proud to play.

When Victory comes Hotpoint Electric Servants will be again available for people who will wisely make Home the Place for Family Washing.

THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC SEWING CENTRE
The combination of Sewing room and Laundry is not only most logical but overcomes the need of a special room for sewing. Here a Hotpoint Electric Sewing Machine eliminates tiresome treadling. Commodious drawers and handy Hotpoint Iron, with Ironing Board which swivels out of sight, make a compactly arranged sewing and mending centre.

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC SERVANTS

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC
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SYDNEY, Newcastle, Lismore — MELBOURNE — BRISBANE, Townsville, Rockhampton — ADELAIDE — HOBART, LAUNCESTON.
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